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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE TRIAL OF WM. M. TWEED IN THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER—HON. LYMAN TREMAINE ADDRESSING THE JURY, FOR THE PROSECUTION.—SEE PAGE 365.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

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OUR NEW STORY.

We publish to-day the first two chapters of a new story entitled "Innocent: A Tale of Modern Life," from the powerful and fascinating pen of Mrs. Oliphant—an authoress of world-wide reputation. The very opening paragraph of the tale is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of each successive one. A more graphic or delightful picture of an old English manor-house has seldom come under our notice; while the admirable manner in which the characters are introduced and the interest that is made to attach to them at once, are satisfactory evidence that the work, which we intend to continue weekly to its close, will prove to be one of the most acceptable that we have yet had before our readers.

We invite attention to our column under head of "Editorial Mention," for a full summary of the more important and latest news. The Congressional record is especially interesting.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

DURING this just excitement about the affairs of the Union Pacific Railway, it will be interesting and timely to make a little digest of the history of this notorious Road.

To glance back a moment. The first railway built in the United States was in 1830, when twenty-three miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Road were opened; and thereon, for two years, only horse-power was employed. In 1832 the first steam locomotive was used. From this period began a speculative railroad fever, which ended in the commercial crash of 1837—at which time most of the Western and Southwestern roads were abandoned. Up to 1849 only about six thousand miles of railroad were built in the United States.

With the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, we date the period of our railroad reconstruction. It was near this time that John C. Fremont traversed the desert to the Rocky Mountains, and found passes through them, as well as through the Sierra Nevada.

About this period, say 1851, the East was stretching out iron arms westward. The Erie Railway was then completed, from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. Then followed the Michigan Central and the Michigan Southern, till Chicago was reached. In 1854 the Mississippi River was connected in the chain. In 1856 the Illinois Central reached Cairo from Chicago. Not to weary with more details, in 1862 President Lincoln signed the Act of Congress for the incorporation of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

As early, however, as 1846 Mr. Asa Whitney conceived a scheme to build a railroad which should connect the Mississippi with the Pacific Coast, and which should render America the route of Asiatic commerce; commencing at Prairie du Chien, crossing the Rocky Mountains at the South Pass, having its principal Pacific terminus on Vancouver's Sound, with a branch from some point west of the mountains to San Francisco. This work was begun in 1863. In 1869 the Union Pacific Railroad was completed, by the junction of the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific Railroads at Promontory Summit, in Utah; and, on the 10th of May, in that year, through trains began to run regularly, on a clear line, across the Continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance of over three thousand miles.

The annual report of the President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, made under oath in September last, and recently communicated to the Senate, shows the names of the stockholders, the names of the directors, and all other officers of the Company, and that subscriptions have been received for 367,830 shares at a par value of \$36,783,000, on which there has been paid in the amount of \$36,762,300. There has been received from the transportation of passengers, for the year ending June 30th, 1872, the sum of \$3,067,808; from the transportation of freight, \$4,122,651; and from miscellaneous sources, \$771,711.

The entire cost of the Road, the unadjusted balances with contractors included, is, including fixtures, \$114,258,535. The indebtedness of the Company is \$75,894,512, including

\$27,237,000 of first mortgage bonds, and \$27,236,512 United States loan. Similar information is given of the Central Pacific Railroad in the sworn report of its President, from which it appears that the amount of stock subscribed is \$59,644,000, and the amount actually paid in is \$54,283,190. The amount received for the transportation of passengers for the year is \$3,620,519; for transportation of freight, \$5,753,246. The expenses of the Road for the year are \$4,317,332.32. The indebtedness of the Company is \$80,900,132, including \$27,855,680 United States Government bonds, \$25,883,000 of first mortgage bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and \$9,153,000 of land bonds.

How many now realized visions does this short sketch summon up, more gorgeous than the imagination of Alexander Dumas ever conceived—of traffic with hundreds of millions of people fronting our Pacific Coast, of intercourse with China, Japan and the Pacific Coast of America; of rich areas of mineral wealth, and of agricultural treasures!

The Pacific Railroad means the whole line, from the border settlements of Missouri to California, which includes, of course, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Roads. It is one connected line. Capable judges estimate that one hundred millions would have made the line, and equipped it as well as it has been done. A hundred and forty millions, probably, have gone into the pockets of Congressional and other speculators. The amount of land granted (about 200,000,000 acres) alone ought to cover the bona fide cost of the Road. Its aggregated cost foots up about \$240,000,000. The total loan of the United States—made in addition to the above-named subsidies under the mask of helping the great enterprise—amounts to \$55,092,192. This is in second mortgage bonds, which the United States Government is bound for, and which it has to pay interest on—for the Government (still to help the Road!) consented to accept a second mortgage after having provided for a first mortgage. In this way the Companies were enabled to issue first mortgage bonds for the market, and, on the strength of the Government credit (otherwise of Congress!) to realize, in addition to the above, fifty-three millions of dollars!

THE PIUS VICE-PRESIDENTS—  
THE TWIN PECKSNIFFS.

SICK to the soul as we are of the Crédit Mobilier revelations, yet our duty as journalists forces us to keep the record of the leading facts concerning the Congressional criminals, as these are disclosed before the Crédit Mobilier Committee of Investigation. For to-day, we content ourselves with merely looking at the picture of the pitiful Vice-Presidents, each of whom prides himself on his exquisite morality. Especially is Mr. Colfax the toast of the high moralists. None so mild, so temperate, so honest, so sweet, so smiling, as he. From our heart of hearts we are grateful that the Tribune escaped him. Loaded down as Colfax is with the public pity and contempt, how would he have appeared at the head of the old journal—the successor of Horace Greeley!

Last Summer, General J. R. Hawley made a speech in Connecticut, in which he said: "I defy the world to prove that Senator Henry Wilson ever took a dollar's interest in any measure which has come before Congress. I defy the whole world to prove that he has a cent's interest in any stocks, bonds or contracts of any sort." This speech Mr. Wilson sent to the Troy Whig, with a note, saying: "I send you a speech of General Hawley. His statement is correct, but I do not wish to write any more letters."

The facts proven in Wilson's case are, that he paid up the full purchase price on his twenty shares, but took no transfer of the stock. Why not take a transfer? Why not appear on the books? And, Mr. Wilson, why did you not tell the whole story last Summer, when you wrote to the Troy Whig? Mr. Wilson was on the Senate Committee on the Pacific Railroad as recently as 1870. He knew then well enough certainly that there was an existing difficulty about the Road, growing out of the failure of the Company to pay interest on the bonds issued by the nation to enable the Company to build the Road; and he officially knew of the refusal of Mr. Boutwell to pay anything to the Company for Government freight; and Mr. Wilson of course knew also, officially, of the Act of Congress (which was forced improperly by these eager members into an Appropriation Bill) to compel Mr. Boutwell to pay one-half for said freight. How did Mr. Wilson vote on the passage of the said Act, which was then smuggled through Congress to aid the Company?

Messrs. Ames and Alley (so swears Mr. Alley) made up the stock money between them, and gave it to Mr. Wilson (was it a loan?) as a "silver wedding gift!" Ames (see Alley's testimony) guaranteed Wilson against all loss on the stock in consideration of half the profits; and also agreed to take it back at

any time, and give him ten per cent. interest on his money. How kind! how good! Mr. Wilson, the return of stolen goods does not palliate a larceny. Backing out of the scrape with Ames is not the issue in your case. The fact is that you got into the difficulty in a roundabout way; that you concealed the truth last Summer when you were called on to explain, and when you pretended to tell the truth; and that your hypocrisy and cowardice in the whole affair are pitiful.

Look at Mr. Colfax! In a speech delivered at South Bend, last September, he used these words: "Neither Oakes Ames nor any other person ever gave or offered to me any share or shares in Mobilier or any other stock. I never received the value of a farthing in dividends." Before the Committee, Mr. Colfax swore to the same facts. Mr. Ames swears that Mr. Colfax bought the twenty shares in full, and is still the owner of them; that they were paid for in part by an eighty per cent. dividend, which fell due soon after the date of the transaction, and the rest was paid by Mr. Colfax's check for \$534.72; and that Mr. Colfax did receive "one dividend of \$1,200, paid by a check to S. C. or bearer, on the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives." This officer, and Colfax's bank account, confirm the statement as to the check.

Why did not Mr. Colfax tell the whole story of his connection with the Crédit Mobilier when he made that speech at South Bend to his confiding constituents last Summer, in which he denied everything "like a trooper," and talked about his innocent ignorance of all business matters except those in the "Studebaker Wagon Company and the Birdsell Clover Separator Company!" Oh, the pious, pastoral, verdant, Smiling Schuyler! The last heard of these Vice-Presidents, represents Colfax as about to show how he came innocently by the aforesaid \$1,200—and himself and Mr. Wilson had just returned from addressing a Christian Association in Philadelphia.

FACTS FOR THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

THERE is before the New York Legislature an Act for the Protection of Factory Children. And we beg to call earnest attention to it. An appalling number of children in this city are put to work in factories, under ten years of age, and worked from eleven to fifteen hours per day, for six days in the week, without being taught the rudiments of education or religion. These are chiefly distributed in the manufactories of paper collars and in tobacco factories (where children may be found at work only four years of age!). These poor people are thus used worse than stalled horses are used. What are the Christian Associations and the Dodes doing in this field? Does Mr. Beecher think practically on this state of the ragged young?

The reform contemplated by the Act forbids that children under ten years of age shall be so employed, unless they can read intelligibly; that no child shall be so worked, under the age of sixteen, for more than sixty hours (the Act strangely omits to particularize the hours) in one week, or after four o'clock, Saturdays; nor any child be so employed, between the ages of ten and sixteen, unless such shall have attended public day school during three full months of the twelve months next preceding such employment. All employers, contemplated by the Act, must keep a register of the date when the employed began work; the name and surname; the place of nativity; residence; the age of the party; the names of the parents, if living; the number of his or her school certificate; the date of leaving the factory. This register to be kept open at all times to the inspection of all public authorities. The Act also provides for the cleanliness and ventilation of workshops; for protection against accidents by machinery and fire; and also enacts suitable penalties for the violation of its provisions. And likewise it creates a State officer, to be known as the Inspector of Factory Children, whose duty it shall be to examine the different factories in the State, and aid the enforcement of the law.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

RUMORS are rife of an imminent rupture between Great Britain and Russia on the Khivan Question, and that France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Denmark and Sweden will support the British Government in the position which it has assumed.

The determined advance of Russia eastward and southward is no doubt mainly due to the fact that her large rivers have no visible outlet at all, or flow into the Arctic Ocean. Her great want is that of a southern seaboard, a problem which has vexed Russian statesmanship for the last two hundred years. Denmark holds the entrance to the Baltic; Prussia hinders Russia from a port on the North Sea; Austria is between her and the Adriatic; Turkey commands the Dardanelles. Next, Asiatic Turkey; the land-locked Caspian, with Persia on its southern shore cutting off access

to the Persian Gulf; then Afghanistan interpose between Russia and the Southern Ocean, from which point to the far distant Pacific half a continent lies between Russia and the southern seaboard of Asia.

Russia seems now endeavoring to pierce this territorial wall by a military possession which shall give her an ocean outlet for a trade which she now carries to the world through crooked and narrow channels. Intrigues may serve for this end in Greece, Roumania and Servia—that is, if Germany and Austria and Great Britain could be got along with in that field. But in Asia, Russia meets the British plumply, who will not contentedly assent that Russia shall command the coast of the Arabian Sea. Such seems to be the problem at this writing.

THE DOOM OF UTAH.

GENERAL GRANT has been interviewed by a delegation of representatives from Idaho and Montana, who desired the President to give his prompt attention to the "horrible condition of things in Utah"—such as, that the Mormon Church is a despotism, and that Young is a despot; that Christian institutions and Republican ideas suffer from the existence of this relic of barbarism.

The President agreed in the views so expressed, and said, in conclusion: "The final issue with Utah cannot be avoided." He is right.

The end of polygamy can only be accomplished through such action of the General Government as shall evidence the national contempt for the institution, and whose moral force shall aid the power of immigration to scatter that barbarism, which, when it shall be assured of the sympathy of the nation, immigration will assuredly do. In this way, also, the existing schisms among the Mormons themselves will be fostered, which fact will peacefully rid Mormonism of polygamy.

In other words, while we deny that the General Government can legally root out polygamy by force, we insist that, without the sympathy of the Federal Government in the aid of this Reform, it will never be peacefully made. For this reason we approve the words of General Grant. Under all our former Presidents, Brigham Young had that sort of negative encouragement which sprang from Executive quibbling and indecision. We must now meet this crisis as well as the fact of the existence of slavery in Cuba, and on the same principle.

ABOLITION OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

THE abolition of the Franking Privilege is a solid triumph, on which we congratulate late Hon. John Hill. Under this immunity, what with seeds, documents, letters, laces, photographs, packages of all sorts, the mail was fairly loaded down—to say nothing about the tons of electioneering matter, and the loan of the frank to everybody who asked it, by which means the Post Office was cheated. By this abolition the members get rid of an immense amount of trouble in the way of correspondence, which will not now be expected from them by their constituents.

But stamps must be had for the use of the Senate and House, and for the necessities of the different Departments of the Government. Shall the President, and everybody else concerned, carry on the public business at their own costs and charges? Already Mr. Sargent has introduced a retaliatory measure in the House, to repeal all statutes which provide for the printing of public documents for distribution. This proposition failed by a vote which shows that the measure, or one like it, will finally pass—viz., the vote of ninety-seven against ninety-three in its favor.

The repeal of the frank thus loses privileges to the people as well as to the members, but it shortens the expenses of printing and of mail transportation. Perhaps its highest good will be the passage of Mr. Farnsworth's Bill, to put a uniform rate of two cents the half-ounce on all matter which is wholly or partly in writing, with the exception of book manuscript, proof-sheets, postal cards, etc. By this Bill, the postage on what is now known as mailable matter of the second class must be prepaid. Weekly newspapers will be free only in the counties where they are mailed. Dailies must be prepaid in any event before mailing, and so must "patent outside."

The result in Tweed's case is another scandal to civilization. There stands Garvey—The Informer—with the money which he has stolen still in his pockets, and Tweed, who is a perfect monument of political corruption, defiant of, and unscathed by, the law. Have we any law to reach Tweed's case? Is there any ability in our prosecuting officers to enforce the law, if law there be? Is there no way to prevent the jury-box from being soiled by knaves and ignoramuses? Are we in the condition of savages? Such are the questions which our best citizens are now asking. And what wonder? All sides concur in praise of Judge Davis's ability as displayed in the Tweed trial.

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NEW SERIES—No. XII.

## THE NATIONAL HUMILIATION.

**B**Y this time the country must surely see an alarming extent of depravity in high places.

What is to be done about it? Are we to sit by with folded hands and wink at such crimes as the Committees of Congress are daily forced to unfold—Committees lashed by the Press into investigations which they would have shunned? Our Congress has degraded us before the civilized world!

What a spectacle do the Vice-President and the Vice-President-elect present in the Crédit Mobilier matter? Mr. Wilson, to speak most charitably, exhibits himself as an equivocator, with suavelling excuses in his mouth that would not be tolerated in a common schoolboy. Mr. Colfax is convicted of gross misrepresentation and falsehood. And, as for the ordinary members of Congress who are implicated in that fraud, the testimony of Ames, coupled with the circumstances in the case, which confirm his reluctant compelled evidence, prove that they have committed perjury. Can one read the Crédit Mobilier testimony intelligently and unbiasedly, and come to any other conclusion?

Let the plainest man stop and reason about these members of Congress. If the Crédit Mobilier matter had been the innocent business transaction which, now that they are convicted, these members affirm it to be, why did they so lie and prevaricate about it last Summer, when first the accusation was made against them, based on the McComb and Ames lawsuit? Why did they not then confess the part they had in the matter, and justify it before their constituents? Why did Colfax, and Wilson, and Dawes, and the like, rush then into print with flat denials, and with charges of slander against the Independent Press, which they haughtily accused with having published all of it for party objects? This denial and brag they did and dared, in the hope and belief that they could strangle the investigation in Congress, and crush out all inquiry into the facts by the downright power of a great majority. And this day, could all the charges made so wholesale during the last Presidential canvass against the men in power be investigated, the majority of them would be proven true—shamefully predestined to win. Fraud and violence reigned supreme.

It was the knowledge of many of these disgusting facts, and the suspicion of many, which led to the outcry of the Reform Party in Cincinnati and Baltimore. We asked to be permitted to investigate, with the full power of an Administration, into the doings of the men who had fairly rioted in unchecked power and corruption for more than four years. We asked to see the business of the Government as it is exhibited on the records and in the files of the different Departments, and to have this exhibit made to Reformers, and not to Whitemashers. But this investigation, unhappily, was denied us, by the foolish Democrats and prejudiced and negligent stay-at-homes, helped on by our well-meant Liberal Republican Committees, State and National, who had neither the influence nor ability to perfect an organization.

Most pitiable of all is the degradation which the Senate suffers. That high Chamber is soiled by hucksters who buy their places in that body from legislators who sell themselves, as if they were slaves or dumb cattle. Bribery, sale, perjury, absolutely stink in the Senate-house! Young Kansas is humbled to the earth by the infamy which Pomeroy has steeped her in. That department of our Government, so long our pride, which has been illuminated by so much patriotism, exalted statesmanship and incorruptible purity, has sunk so low that its dignity and prestige are almost gone. In its highest estate it is little better than a party machine!

And sadder, if possible, for the Republic, is that demoralization which has begun to taint the Judiciary, whose most offensive exhibition was seen in the partisan conduct of the Judge who degraded himself to be the tool of faction in Louisiana.

The Radical Congress helped us through the war with rare fortitude and sense. It maintained its reputation for tact, firmness, statesmanship, to the close of the reconstruction Acts. But, from that point it degenerated into a rotten oligarchy and demagogue mob. Like the revels of Power, when the old Triumvirate divided the world as the spoils of war, so, what with Satraps in the South and Rings in the North, this Congress and its auxiliaries have, since the point of time just referred to, absolutely gorged on the oppressed labor and productive energies of this nation. And look where you will, whether in Washington or in the States, you see teeming proofs of this lamentable condition of public affairs. Our noble people, struggling to pay the debt of the war, have been mercilessly plundered by their Representatives, and the allies of their Representatives.

Add to this kind of corruption the vice of drunkenness and the loathsome habits of debauchery which, as the inside observer witnesses, mark the daily life of many leading members of Congress, and a spectacle is exhibited which must reddent every honest and patriotic check with the flush of shame and indignation. As *Lady Macbeth* exclaimed to the conscience-smitten king, when he shooed with remorse at the suggestion that pointed to the commission of yet more crime, "Who dare call our power to account?" even so do these members of Congress defy, by the assertion of downright authority, all opposition to their scandalous public and private lives.

The natural march of unchecked, bold, corrupt, arrogant rulers like these is to absolute power, to Despotism. There are jobs enough now before Congress—should they pass and be farmed out as the Pacific Railroad has been—to strangle and crush for ever our system of

State Governments—yes, and to destroy democratic liberty itself!

And what are that great body of people doing, whom the census exhibits to be (by one million and a half of voters) the anti-Administration majority in America? What of the Reactionists, who voted for General Grant last Fall, but who now see that the Liberal Republicans truly warned them of existing corruptions in the Nation and States?

*This great body of voters—who must save the nation, if it be saved, unless General Grant (as I pray he may) shall boldly shake off the rogues who surround him—these millions of Conservatives, are unorganized! How much longer must we wait to see such State action as shall combine and compact these elements, so that, at the close of General Grant's Administration, the Right shall once more prevail?*

Look at that remarkable document, issued the other day from Philadelphia, by Republicans who voted for General Grant, and who are members of a Reform Association. In that document, which is signed by Henry C. Lea, Chairman, "by order of the Executive Committee," these Republicans make a remarkable statement—alluding to the October election—in these words—viz.: "Thousands of lawful voters were personated at the polls, and were thus deprived of the franchise; thousands of illegal votes were cast, and as these devices proved insufficient to overcome the voice of the people, the returns were manipulated to suit the exigencies of the dominant party. From all the information that has reached us, we feel safe in asserting that not less than 10,000 votes were bodily subtracted from the Reform ticket and added to the side that was predestined to win. Fraud and violence reigned supreme."

One James Brown, a city official, was convicted of this crime of "personation" on the fullest proof. He was recommended to mercy by the indulgent jury, but the Court disregarded the recommendation, and sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment. And yet General Grant has pardoned this rascal. Of this pardon, these Republican supporters of General Grant, in their address, say: "Such was the solitary result, after an election unexampled in this community for its audacious frauds, of all the machinery of the State and National Governments for the preservation of the purity of the ballot-box; meagre as it was, the parties who had planned and executed the frauds could not afford to allow a single one of their tools to suffer for his crimes, and within three weeks after his conviction the malefactor was unconditionally pardoned by the President."

JUNIUS.

## EDITORIAL MENTION.

**WASHINGTON.**—The Senate has adopted Senator Edmund's amendment to the Appropriation Bill, which requires that the amount due the Pacific Roads by the United States for freight shall be withheld till the overdue interest shall have been paid, and until the five per cent. on the earnings of the roads shall have been paid over to the Government, in conformity with law.—The Bill repealing the Franking Privilege passed the House, as amended by the Senate, by the overwhelming vote of 142 to 48. It totally repeals franking, including even the President. Another triumph for the Reform Party.—The Cotton Refunding Tax Job has been revived again; it lacked, on the 25th of January, only fifteen votes to push it through the House. It has since received a temporary blow which looks fatal to it. There are \$68,000,000 in the job.—The House has adopted a Resolution directing the Speaker to appoint a Committee of Thirteen to report a plan to secure the completion of the Washington Monument before 1876.—In the House, a Bill was introduced and passed, declaring the meaning of the Amenderatory Bankrupt Act of June 8th to be, to exempt from judgment against bankrupts the amount allowed by the Constitution and laws of each State, respectively, as existing in the year 1871. This will give great relief to many honest Southern men still struggling from their losses and embarrassments of the war to get upon their feet again, and so this Bill should become a law.—Under date of Washington, January 4th, 1873, Senator Patterson writes to Oakes Ames the following rascally letter. It will be remembered that at the date of this letter the Crédit Mobilier Committee sat with closed doors. The guilty Congressman then thought they could strangle this investigation. Patterson writes to Ames: "If pressed to know if I purchased at any time any bonds or stock of the Road, you can say I did so at the time they attempted to embarrass you, when the value of the stock was depressed, and I paid you the full market value of it. I paid you \$7,000 in money for stock and bonds. Don't fail to correct your original statement before the Committee. It must not be reported as it now stands. Very truly, etc., J. W. PATTERSON." The Crédit Mobilier has made the ruin of Vice-President Colfax only a little less complete than that of Senator Patterson. Last week the Vice-President stated on oath to Judge Poland's Committee that he had not received \$1,200 from Oakes Ames in June, 1868; that Ames's check upon the Sergeant-at-Arms for that amount in favor of "S. C." had never been seen by him; that he was positive of this because he could not possibly have received that amount of money from any source without recollecting it. The books of the First National Bank of Washington were produced, and Mr. Colfax's account was examined. There appeared a credit of \$1,968.63, dated June 22d, 1868, two days after the date of Ames's check to "S. C." on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and one day after that check was paid. This furnished only presumptive proof of the deposit of the \$1,200, but all doubt was removed when the cashier produced a deposit ticket, bearing Mr. Colfax's signature, in which \$1,968.63 was itemized, \$1,200 being cash, and the remainder checks or drafts. The circumstantial evidence in Mr. Colfax's case is therefore complete. Mr. Ames swears that he drew a check on the Sergeant-at-Arms in favor of "S. C." for \$1,200, on June 20th, 1868, and gave it to Mr. Colfax, in payment of the Crédit Mobilier dividend. The Sergeant-at-Arms produces the check dated June 20th, and shows that it was cashed on the 21st, and charged to Ames's account. On the 22d Mr. Colfax deposits exactly \$1,200 in cash in the bank. Now, unless he can prove that he received the \$1,200 from some other source, his case is hopeless. He has employed a lawyer, in the person of an adroit friend, Hale, who

understands all that can be known about the Departments. Mr. Hale thinks that he can show how Schuyler got the fatal \$1,200 honestly, and not from Ames! How this *after-thought* will work, we shall see.—Before the Mobilier Committee No. 2, of which Mr. Wilson is Chairman, who are investigating the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad, "Big Stewart," as the Hon. J. B. Stewart, Esq., attorney-at-law, etc. (both of New York and Washington) is styled, appeared, and tried to bluff the Committee, who wanted to know of our large Kentuckian what he did with some \$250,000 in bonds of the concern. Mr. Stewart would not tell—he would not reveal secret business between himself and his clients." He has been ordered under arrest for contempt. If the business is *honest*, why not disclose? Besides, Mr. Stewart, in this case, is not within the Rule of Privilege which applies to Lawyer and Client.

Magnificent preparations are making for the coming inauguration of President Grant. The West Point cadets, midshipmen from Annapolis, batteries of artillery, detachments of regulars from several forts, companies of marines, military organizations from various cities, and Gilmore's big Boston band, are to be on hand. What the District of Columbia calls a "Carnival" will take place in Washington on the 5th of March.—People are laughing at Senator Harlan, who is convicted of appropriating ten thousand dollars to help his election to the Senate. The pious creature writes, as follows, in the Washington Chronicle: "The expenditure of money at elections is a growing evil. The apology for doing it on one side is that it is done on the other, and the peril grows out of the fact that it is often handled by unscrupulous agents, who make a use of it not contemplated by those who furnish it. A public sentiment that will make it perilous to a candidate to allow the expenditure of money to influence elections without restricting its uses within clearly prescribed limits, is one that needs strengthening by all the arguments our best men and purest journals can adduce."—Personal matters of general interest in Washington may be thus summed up: General Burnside and wife are there; so are Fatti and Mario and Professor Agassiz. The following is "very important," viz.: "Conscientious young foreigners think it their duty to announce the fact that they are ineligible as soon as they enter into matrimonial engagements, and remark that 'Weally, you know, the ladies don't like to talk to one so much after that; so you see, by Jove, we only do our duty in mentioning it, you know. Don't like to impose on society, you know.'" Besides, there is such *wit* as this afoot in the Capitol: "A young lady from the far West thinks Washington must be the most delightful possible residence because the diplomatic *corps* is always here." And: "In view of the disturbance made by the Crédit Mobilier, can it properly be called *Pacific Railroad stock*?" Mr. Colfax is emphatically called VICE-President. The French Minister breakfasts at 2 o'clock P.M., and the Italian Minister dines at 12 M.—The Postmaster General has, in several of his annual reports to Congress, asserted that the abolition of the franking abuse would result in a great decrease in the expenses of the Department. The Senate took him at his word, and struck out of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill the customary \$10,000 allowance for temporary clerks in the Post Office Department, besides reducing the number of permanent clerks allowed.—In the House the Indian Appropriation Bill was taken up as it came from the Senate, with sundry amendments. The entire amount appropriated by the House was a little over \$1,300,000. The Senate reduced the amount some \$400,000.—The House Judiciary Committee will soon report a Bill raising the President's annual salary to \$50,000; that of the Vice-President, the Speaker and the Judges of the Supreme Court to \$10,000 each, and that of Congressmen to \$8,000. Of course, other salaries will be advanced in proportion.—General Van Buren, the Commissioner-in-Chief to the Vienna World's Fair, will in a day or two have \$200,000 placed to his credit in the Treasury, as the two Houses have agreed upon that sum, and the Bill is now awaiting the President's signature. The salary of the Deputy Commissioners has been raised to \$1,000 each. The Emperor of Germany, President Thiers, the Czar of Russia, the Shah of Persia, Prince of Wales, Bismarck, and a host of Cabinet Ministers of all nations, will be assembled in Vienna at the Fair.—The members of the new Morton Syndicate have had meetings in New York and London, and decided to make one issue simultaneously in Europe and America of the whole \$300,000,000, as soon as the preliminary arrangements can be made in accordance with the European custom.—The last sensation is the fact of the defeat and arrest of the hypocrite Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas. He was tricked into a net by Colonel York, a member of the Legislature, to whom he offered \$10,000 for his vote, and on which he paid \$7,000. York exposed him, when he was promptly defeated, and put under arrest for bribery. It is estimated that Pomeroy spent over \$100,000 in his infamous campaign. John J. Ingalls, his successor, is a native of Massachusetts, about forty years of age, and has resided in Kansas since 1857.—The House Appropriation Committee has decided to comply with the suggestions of the Secretary of the Treasury for the extension of the Life-saving Service, and to make an additional appropriation of \$50,000 for that purpose. The seven stations on the coast of Maine, and one on Rye Beach, N. H., will be provided for at once. The total appropriation for the Life-saving Service is thus raised to \$175,000, and the increase is effected by taking \$50,000 from the appropriation for the Revenue Cutter Service.—The Bill to admit Colorado as a State met with a signal defeat in the House. By a vote of 61 to 117 the Bill was refused a passage. The House is determined to adhere to the rule established last year, that no State shall be admitted until it has a population of at least 138,000—the number required for a single Congressional district.—The House Foreign Affairs Committee has before it the proposition of placing two or three Government vessels at the disposal of a company which will lay a cable between the United States and the Mediterranean Coast. The vessels are to be employed in making soundings. The Committee favor the proposition.—January 1st, 1874, it appears, is to be fixed upon as the day on which specie payments are to be resumed. At least, the House Committee on Banks and Banking have decided to name that date in their forthcoming Bill to provide for resumption. After all the talk about devices and expedients for resumption, the action of Congress to this date shows little else than an intention to hang out on the Treasury doors, next New Year's Day, a sign of "Specie Payments Resumed."—Senator Morton's Committee, among other things, has discovered that there are enough members of the Louisiana Legislature agreed upon by both Returning Boards to make a quorum of both Houses, and some of the more moderate of the Louisianians now in Washington are in favor of declaring those men, in regard

to whom both parties agree, as elected, and that the Legislature, as thus organized, be declared the legal Legislature, with power to decide which candidates are regularly elected to fill the seats remaining vacant. This would dispose of the Senatorial and Senatorial question.

WHITELAW REID has been elected Editor of the New York Tribune for the next five years. It is not in the power of its many envious enemies to injure the Tribune. It has never been more prosperous and respected than it is to-day.

THE official census returns show 269,000 slaves in Cuba. Advices have reached Washington from Spain that the Government will not take steps to abolish slavery in Cuba until the insurrection in that island has been suppressed.

**SENATOR POMEROY'S CASE.**—*Topeka, January 31st.*—Senator Pomeroy appeared by counsel before Judge Morton of the District Court of Topeka, and gave \$2,000 bail for his appearance at the June term of the Court.

THE telegraphic report of the late voyage of the clipper ship *Young America* shows, perhaps, the most extraordinary run ever made from Liverpool to San Francisco. The time was ninety-nine days, and the course lay over that long and perilous stretch of ocean around Cape Horn, at least 15,000 miles.

A PROPOSITION was seriously made in the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, recently, that the punishment of fraud at elections be "hanging by the neck until dead, without the benefit of clergyman, of Executive clemency, or any other benefit whatever."

THE Burns Club of this city celebrated the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns, at the Grand Central Hotel, on the evening of January 27th.

PENNSYLVANIA proposes a Constitutional Amendment, making voting compulsory.

A NOBLE Chicagoan's first thought, when his house took fire recently, was for his mother-in-law, whom he saved from the perils of a burning staircase by promptly throwing her out of the third-story window.

THE New York Sun gets off a good thing, and a timely one, as thus: "A London detective put his head into an omnibus one day, just as it was starting off, with the remark, 'Passengers will do well to look out for their pocketbooks; there are two members of the swell mob in this bus.' Thereupon a grave-looking old gentleman, with eye-glasses and a gold-headed cane, hastily got out, saying, 'If that's the case, I won't go in this bus.' He was followed by a clerical-looking gentleman, with a white choker, who remarked that he 'wouldn't ride in such company.' And then the detective closed the door, and shouted to the driver, 'All right; drive on; they've got out.' We don't mean to be unkind; but really the story is an old one, and we have no excuse for publishing it, except that Senator Patterson's pathetic speech the other day, about leaving public life with pleasure if things were going on in this way, and then Brother Harlan's following him out with remarks in a similar tone, recalled the circumstance."

**SENATOR ANTHONY** is a great wag. When he tries, few can beat him on a practical joke. Just now, however, he is trying his hand on Satire, and with fine effect. He has introduced a Bill in the Senate providing that there shall be no more *swearing* at the Custom Houses; but that the declarations or affirmations of importers shall be held sufficient. Considering the proverbial honesty of merchants in trade, and in giving fair statements about their incomes to the tax-gatherer, even when under *oath*, this joke of the New England Senator becomes immortal.

**SUMMARY OF FOREIGN NEWS.**—Prince Lunalilo has been elected King of the Sandwich Islands. A Royal Decree has been promulgated in Italy whereby the State takes formal possession of sixteen convents.—News from Spain conveys the idea that the Government is willing to assent to Emancipation, provided the present slaves will make contracts, with conditions similar to those which the Chinese assent to (coolies).—The Tichborne claimant has entered into recognition in the sum of £2,000 to appear before the London Bar of Queen's Bench, to answer a charge of contempt for certain utterances in a recent speech at Brighton.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE spectacular burlesque at the Olympic has been modified and improved.

FECHTER'S Lyceum Theatre was lit up throughout recently for the first time.

A MUSICAL novelty in Paris is a charming singer from Pekin, Mlle. Yen Sao Zol.

PAULINE CANISSA sings this month in a German opera troupe, which appears in Richmond, Va.

MR. J. M. BELLEW's readings at Association Hall have attracted and charmed large and appreciative audiences.

MR. DALY has introduced a series of Saturday night performances, which are always to differ from the running play.

THEODORE THOMAS's fourth symphony concert at Steinway Hall was a marked success in every respect. Miss Anna Mehlig played a concerto by Chopin on the occasion.

OPERATIC matters in Boston appear to have been a repetition of the New York and Philadelphia experiences. The better class of journals severely criticize the tenors, the orchestra and chorus.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI, who is expected to visit us next season, has returned for a short time to Milan Scala, and has been singing in March 11's "Ruy Blas"; Mlle. Krauss being the prima-donna.

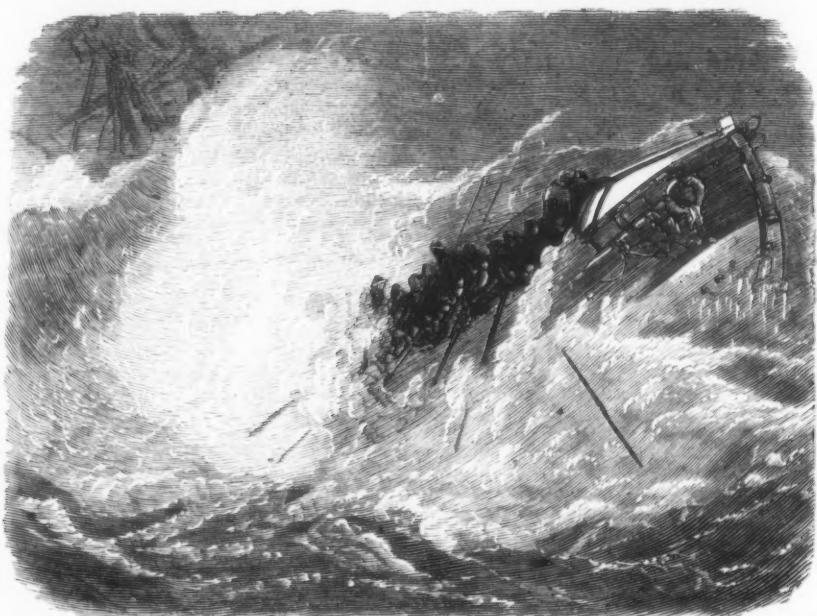
MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS spent his Christmas at Aberdare, where the irrepressible Welshmen held Eisteddfod on Christmas Day. Mr. Richards made a speech on the origin of several favorite melodies.

MR. BOOTH has been distinguishing himself in John Howard Payne's play of "Brutus; or, The Fall of Tarquin." This play was written for Edmund Kean, and it was said by some of the great actor's severest critics that in it he gave to the world his best acting.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 371.



CHINA.—A BEDROOM IN A CHINESE INN.



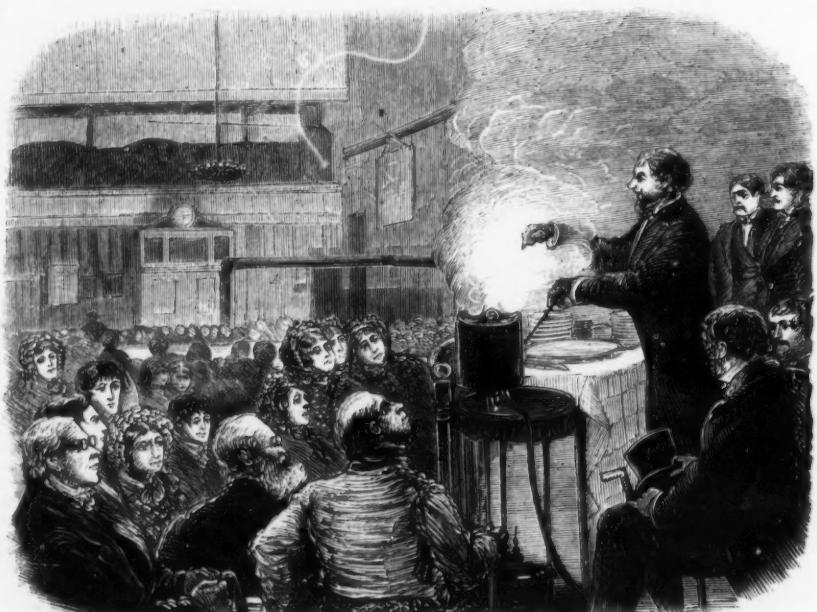
ENGLAND.—THE NORTH SHIELDS LIFEBOAT "NORTHUMBERLAND" GOING OUT TO THE WRECK OF THE "GLEANER."



GERMANY.—TEN MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS—A SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.



GERMANY.—A SQUATTER'S VILLAGE IN THE SCHLAECHTER-WIESE, BERLIN.



ENGLAND.—A LESSON IN COOKERY TO THE LONDON POOR.



NEW YORK.—WOMEN'S RECEPTION TO MISS EMILY FAITHFULL AT STEINWAY HALL—MISS FAITHFULL ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.

## RECEPTION TO MISS FAITHFULL.

THE recent reception to Miss Emily Faithfull at Steinway Hall by the women of this city was a very brilliant affair. Long before the hour named, 8 o'clock p.m., the hall was crowded with a most appreciative audience, among whom was a goodly sprinkling of gentlemen. The platform which had been set apart for the ladies of the Committee, and the professionals who added such vocal and instrumental charms to the evening, was in addition comfortably filled.

Miss Faithfull, on being introduced to the assembly, was received with great warmth—the applause being continuous and almost deafening. She acknowledged the honor accorded to her with ineffable grace, and delivered an extemporaneous address of marked ability, in which she treated what is commonly termed "The Woman Question" with consummate and persuasive skill, presenting it in a new light that was at once logical and interesting. She believed, she said, in woman's self-reliance; and was glad to perceive how woman's work was recognized in America. In England there were 2,500,000 depending on their own exertions for support, and although it had been said that if women received as ample remuneration for their labor as men they would lose the desire for marriage, she did not believe the assertion. She spoke with great force against the life of *ennui* and worthless pleasure too often indulged in by so many of her sex, and considered the mission of woman to be most elevated, should she be permitted to embrace it without being subject to any of the unjust restrictions still surrounding her.

The address from which we extract these few remarks was received with loud applause. A short concert followed, the performers distinguishing themselves in a manner which rendered their portion of the evening's entertainment a most fitting and pleasurable *dénouement* to this very graceful and charming affair.

## THE LATE MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS died at her house, on Mount Vernon Street, Boston, January 22d ult., after an illness of several months. Her life was distinguished in many ways, and her active interests were so varied that it is no exaggeration to speak of her death as a public loss. Her maiden name was Eliza Henderson Boardman. Her father was a Boston merchant, and in that city she was born and reared, marrying, at an early age, Harrison Gray Otis, Jr., the eldest son of Harrison Gray Otis—a name associated with many prominent events in our history. The younger Mr. Otis inherited the brilliant qualities of his father, and was a rising member of the Bar when he died, leaving a widow and three sons, one of whom survives Mrs. Otis. Her long

residence abroad, for the purpose of educating her children, made her wish to return to her native city. Her drawing-rooms soon became famous. With a grace peculiar to herself, she presided at her Thursday evening receptions, and it was beneath her modest roof, where hospitality was extended without ostentation, that

many a young man of merit found his first recognition, and many authors, artists and professional men were introduced to fame and subsequent fortune.

For many years her house was open to all who were pleased to call upon the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, and, through

her efforts mainly, the 22d of February became a legal holiday in the State, while the Mount Vernon Ball, which she initiated and carried through, was the means of adding a liberal contribution to the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon. The crowning act of her life was the encouragement of the Soldiers' Relief Rooms during the war. She dispatched business with great facility, and at the conclusion of her labors she received the thanks of the City Council of Boston for the good work she accomplished.

Without making any pretensions to authorship, Mrs. Otis was an agreeable and pleasant writer. In 1854 she published a society novel entitled "The Barclays at Boston," and for many years she was a frequent contributor to the Press. The recent death of her brother placed her in possession of nearly \$1,000,000, which she has disposed of by will.

## THE TRIAL OF WM. M. TWEED.

THE trial of William M. Tweed, upon an indictment charging him with willful and corrupt violation of duty as a public officer, in auditing and allowing fraudulent claims against the city, was begun in the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the 8th of January, and, after considerable difficulty, a jury was obtained on the 10th, and the case opened. A brilliant array of eminent counsel appeared on each side. For the prosecution were Hon. Lyman Tremaine, ex-Attorney-General of the State; Hon. Benjamin K. Phelps, the new District Attorney, and Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham. The defense was represented by ex-Judge William Fullerton, Mr. David Dudley Field, Mr. John Graham, Mr. John E. Burrill, Mr. W. O. Bartlett, and others. One of the chief features of the trial was the appearance on the witness stand of the famous plasterer, Andrew J. Garvey, who "made a clean breast of it," and revealed, with great particularity and apparent truthfulness, the outrageous frauds perpetrated by himself and Tweed upon the County Treasury. A sharp passage-at-arms occurred between Mr. Field and Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, while the latter was on the witness stand, in which Mr. Field came off "second best." The defense introduced but little testimony, and that of slight importance, apparently relying upon the fact that Garvey, as a self-confessed scoundrel, was wholly unworthy of belief. On the 29th of January the testimony was closed on both sides, and the summing up began. The closing speech was that of Mr. Tremaine, for the People. Our illustration represents the scene in Court during the delivery of Mr. Tremaine's address. Judge Davis then delivered his charge to the Jury, who retired on the evening of January 30th, and after being locked up all night they came into Court in the morning, and, upon stating that it was impossible for them to agree, were discharged.



THE LATE MRS. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, OF BOSTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. BLACK.

## TO-MORROW.

**A**FTER long absence thus to meet again,  
Thy dear pale face, thy lustrious eye to see,  
Comes like relief to some worn sufferer's pain,  
Or to the saved heaven's earliest ecstasy.  
But sweeter e'en than this to my fond heart,  
Charming away all separation's sorrow,  
To hear thy soft voice whisper, as we part,  
Those blissful words, "We meet again to-morrow."

So when life's evening shadows round me close,  
As films on earthly scenes my fading vision,  
I might forego that coveted repose  
That laps my wearied soul in dreams elysian;  
Did not that prophet-soul its lot forecast,  
And Hope's own radiant aspirations borrow,  
That thou and I shall meet, life's evening past,  
And spend together its unending morrow.

INNOCENT:  
A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.

BY

MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire Ashton," etc.

## CHAPTER I.—THE OLD HOUSE.

**T**HE Eastwoods lived in an old house in one of the southwestern suburbs of London. It was one of those houses which, dating only from the prosaic age of Queen Anne, have come to be picturesque in their way—which they were never intended to be—and are comfortable, which they were intended to be, to a degree rarely attained by all our modern efforts. What advances we have made since then in every way! And yet, all Belgravians did not hold a house so thoroughly good for living in, so pleasant, so modest, so dignified, and so refined, as the big brick house, partly whitewashed, partly retaining its native red, lichenized all over with brown and yellow mosses, in which, at the outset of this history, Mrs. Eastwood lived with her children. It had been built by the Eastwoods of the time, more than a century and a half ago. It had given shelter to various generations since then—their mortal inn and lodging, the everlasting dwelling-place of their memory. They had left layers, so to speak, of old furniture, from the japanned screens and cabinets of the founder, to the hideous haircloth and mahogany of George IV.; and pictures and knickknacks, and precious old china, for which collectors would have given its weight in gold. All these riches were not shown off to advantage, as they might have been. You stumbled on them in corners; you found them in out-of-the-way cupboards, in rooms that were rarely used. In short, you could not take a walk on a wet day about this delightful house without finding something out that you had not seen before. For my own part, I prefer this to the modern device of making a museum or china-shop of one's drawing-room. The drawing-room was a place to live in at The Elms. It had a hundred prettinesses about, none of which had been bought within the memory of any of the young people, except, indeed, a few foolish knickknacks belonging to Ellinor—for what girl worth calling such was ever without knickknacks? But its supreme use was to be lived in, and for this it was infinitely well adapted. Its only drawback that I know—and that many people thought a great advantage—was that, being close to London, you saw nothing from the windows that you might not have seen a hundred miles deep in the country. The drawing-room windows looked out upon a great green lawn, set in old trees. In Winter, when the trees had lost their leaves, bits of other old houses, red and mossy, looked in through the bare branches; but in Spring the further end of the lawn was carpeted with primroses, and canopied with foliage, and the long avenue of elms at one side, and the narrower path on the other under the lime-trees, which was called The Lady's Walk, might have graced a squire's house anywhere. Both of these ended in a high paling; but I defy you to have found that out when earth and skies alike were in their glory of Summer array.

After having said so much about the house, I may introduce you to its inhabitants. Mrs. Eastwood was a widow, and had four children, all, as yet, at home under the maternal roof. The eldest son was in a public office; the second, Richard, commonly called Dick, was at home "reading" for one of those examinations which occupy all our youth now-a-days. The third boy, who bore the magnificent name of Plantagenet, usually, I am grieved to say, shortened into Jenny, was still at Eton. One only remained to be accounted for, and that was Ellinor. She was but one, counted according to ordinary arithmetic; but she was as good as three additional at least, reckoning by her importance in the household. "If you count girls there are seven of us; but some people don't count girls. I'm one," said one of Mr. Punch's delightful little boys, in the old days of Leech. Ellinor Eastwood might have adapted this saying with perfect propriety to her own circumstances. The boys might or might not be counted; but to enter once into the house without bearing, seeing, divining the girl in it, was impossible. Not that she was a remarkable young woman in any way. I don't know if she could justly be called clever; and she certainly was not more perfectly educated than usual—and does not everybody say that all women are badly educated? Her brothers knew twenty times as much as she did. They had all been at Eton; and Frederick, the eldest, was a University man, and had taken a very good class, though not the highest; and Dick was costing his mother a fortune in "coaches," and was required by the conditions of his examination to be a perfect mine of knowledge; they ought, by all rules, to have been as superior to their sister, intellectually and mentally, as daylight is to darkness. But they were not. I don't venture to

explain how it was; perhaps the reader may, in his or her experience, have met with similar cases; though I allow that they go against a good many theories. The household was a young household altogether. Mrs. Eastwood herself was under fifty, which, for a woman who has had neither bad health nor trouble in her life, is quite a youthful age. Her eldest son was six-and-twenty. There had never appeared a very great difference between them: for Frederick had always been the most serious member of the family. His name of itself was a proof of this. While all the others were addressed by a perpetually varying host of diminutives and pet names, Frederick had always remained Frederick. I need not point out how different this is from "Fred." He was the only member of the household who had as yet brought any trouble or anxiety to it, but he was by far the most proper and dignified person in the house. The rest were very youthful indeed, varying, as we have said, from the light-hearted though sober-visaged youthfulness of seven-and-twenty to the tricksy boyhood of sixteen. It was a house, accordingly, in which there was always something going on. The family were well-off, and they were popular; they were rich enough to give frequent and pleasant little entertainments; and they had never acquired that painful habit of asking, "Can we afford it?" which is so dreadful a drawback to social pleasures. I do not intend to imply by this that there was any recklessness or extravagance in this well-ordered house. On the contrary, Mrs. Eastwood's bills were paid as by clockwork, with a regularity which was vexatious to all the tradesmen she employed; but neither she nor her children—blessed privilege!—knew what it was to be poor, and they had none of the habits of that struggling condition. That ghost which haunts the doors of the less comfortably endowed, which hovers by them in the very streets, and is always waiting round some corner—that black spectre of indebtedness or scarcity, had never been seen at The Elms. There was a cheerful security of enough about the house, which is more delightful than wealth. To be sure, there are great moral qualities involved in the material comfort of having enough, into which we need not enter. The comfort of the Eastwoods was a matter of habit. They lived as they had always lived. It never occurred to them to start on a different *pied*, or struggle to a higher level. What higher level could they want? They were gentlefolks, and well connected; no sort of *parvenu* glitter could have done anything for them, even had they thought of it; therefore it was no particular credit to them to be content and satisfied. The morality of the matter was passive in their case—it was habitual, it was natural, not a matter of resolution or thought.

And yet there had been one break in this simple and uncomplicated state of affairs. Four years before the date at which this history begins, an event had occurred to which the family still looked back with a sort of superstition—a mingled feeling of awe, regret and pride, such as might move the descendants of some hero who had abdicated a throne at the call of duty. The year in which Frederick took his degree, and left Oxford, Mrs. Eastwood had put down her carriage. I dare not print such words in ordinary type. She said very little about the reasons for this very serious proceeding; but it cannot be denied that there was a grandeur and pathos in the incident, which gave it a place in what may be called the mythology of the family. Nobody attempted to explain how it was or why it was. It gave a touch of elevating tragedy and mystery to the comfortable home-life, which was so pleasant and free from care. When now and then a sympathizing friend would say, "You must miss your carriage," Mrs. Eastwood was always prompt to disclaim any need for pity. "I have always been an excellent walker," she said, cheerily. She would not receive any condolence, and yet even she got a certain subtle pleasure, without knowing it, out of the renunciation. It was the hardest thing she had ever been called upon to do in her life, and how could she help being a little, a very little, proud of it? But, to be sure, this sentiment was quite unconscious. It was the only unexplained event in her innocent life. Ellinor, of course, half by instinct, half by reason of that ineffable communion between a mother and an only daughter, which makes the one conscious of all that passes within and without: the other almost without words, knew exactly how this great family event had come about; but no one else knew, not even the most intimate friends of the house.

The cause, however, was nothing much out of the course of nature. Frederick, the eldest son and hope, he of whom everybody declared that he was his mother's stay and support, as good as the head of the family, had suddenly burst into her room one morning before she was up, like a sudden avalanche. He came to tell her, in the first place, that he had made up his mind not to go into the Church, for which he had been educated, and in which he had the best of prospects; and in the second place, that he was deeply in debt, and was going out to Australia by the next ship to repent and make up his deficiencies. Fancy having all this poured into your ears of a cold Spring morning in your peaceful bed, when you woke up with the consciousness that to-day would be as yesterday, and, perhaps, still more tranquil and pleasant. Mrs. Eastwood was stricken dumb with consternation. It was the first time that trouble in this shape had ever visited her. Grief she had known—but that curtain of gentle goodness and well-seeming which covers the surface of life had never before been rudely rent before her eyes, revealing the abyss below. And the shock was all the greater that it was Frederick who gave it; he who had been her innocent child just the other day, and who was still her serious boy, never the one to get into mischief. The sur-

prise was so overwhelming that it almost deadened her sense of pain; and then, before she could fully realize what had happened, the real importance of the event was still further confused by the fact that, instead of judging the culprit on his real demerits, she had to pray and plead with him to give up his mad resolution, to beg him not to throw his life away after his money. So urgent did this become, that she gradually forgot all about the blame attaching to him, and could think of nothing but those terrible threats about Australia, which gradually became the central fact of the catastrophe. To do him justice, Frederick was perfectly sincere, and had no thought of the admirable effect to be produced by his obstinate determination. Where is the family that does not know such scenes? The result was, that the carriage was "put down," the debts paid, Australia averted; and after a short time Mr. Frederick Eastwood gained, after a severe examination, his present appointment, and all again went merry as marriage-bells. I don't know whether the examination was in reality severe; but at least Mrs. Eastwood thought it so, which pleased her, and did nobody any harm; and as time went on she found to her entire satisfaction that everything had been for the best, and that Providence had brought good out of evil. In the first place, it was "noble" of Frederick, when he found he could not conscientiously enter the Church, to scorn all mercenary motives, and not to be tempted by the excellent living which he knew awaited him. And, then, what a comfort and blessing it was to have him at home, instead of away down in Somersetshire, and only paying his family a visit two or three times a year! Thus the fault faded out of sight altogether by the crowding of the circumstances round it; and Frederick himself, in contemplating (for he was always serious) the providential way in which his life had been arranged for him in a new groove, forgot that the first step in this arrangement had been a very reprehensible—one on his own part, and came to regard the "putting down" of the carriage as the rest did—as a tremendous and mysterious family event, calling forth an immense pride and melancholy, but no individual sense of guilt or responsibility as far as he was personally concerned. "I don't like to take you out in a fly, Nelly." Mrs. Eastwood would sometimes say, as she gave a last touch to Ellinor's ribbons, and breathed a soft little sigh. "As if I cared!" cried the girl; "and, besides, you can say, like Lady Dobson, that you never take your horses out at night." Now, Lady Dobson was very rich, and in trade, and a standing joke in the Eastwood circle; and the party went off very merry in the fly, with never another thought of the carriage which had been "put down."

Light-hearted folk! That sudden tempest of trouble and terror which had driven Frederick into the Sealing-Wax Office, and the ladies into Mr. Sutton's neat fys, gave, I think, on the whole, a zest to their happiness.

The drawing-room of The Elms was a large room, with a rounded end occupied by a great bow-window, which opened like a door into a pretty conservatory, always gay with flowers. Opposite the fireplace were three other long and large windows, cut to the floor, from which you looked out over the long stretch of greensward embosomed in great trees, which has been already described. In Summer the flowerbeds, which were cut in the grass close under the windows, were ablaze with brilliant color; but, in the meantime, on the afternoon when this story opens, nothing was visible but an interrupted golden line of crocus defining each bed, and depending upon the sun to make the definition successful. When the day was bright the border bristled all round in close array with spikes of gold; but on this particular day it was gloomy, and the line was struggling and broken. On a damp February afternoon the strongest attraction is generally indoors; and the room was bright enough to satisfy the most difficult critic. Mrs. Eastwood had, as every mother of a family ought to have, her particular chair, with her particular little table and footstool, a detached and commanding position, a genial domestic throne, with a supremacy of which no one ever interfered. There was room for any one who wanted counsel to draw a chair by its side, and plenty of room for a big boy to stretch out his lazy length on the rug at its feet, resting a curly head, it might be, on the mother's footstool. Mrs. Eastwood was seated here in her black gown, with violet ribbons, which was her compromise between the world and her widowhood. Sometimes she went the length of gray and red. I don't know what innocent prejudice she had to the effect that gray and red betokened still some recondite style of mourning; but such was her prejudice. She would have felt a blue ribbon to be profane. Need I say that she was plump, and had, perhaps, a little more color than when she was twenty? But there were few wrinkles upon her pleasant face, and no clouds upon her forehead. She had known grief, innocent and holy, but no trouble of that wearing kind which saps the strength and steals the courage out of life, except that one of which the reader has been told; and that, as he has also been informed, had turned out for the best.

Ellinor was the only other member of the family present, except, indeed, a certain small Skye terrier, known by the name of Winks, who was a very important member of the family. As Winks, however, for the present is asleep, coiled up in an easy-chair, and happily unobservant of what is going on, we may leave him for an after occasion, and pass on to the young lady of the house. What can we say about her? Dear and gentle reader, you know half a hundred just like Nelly. She had brown hair, bright, dancing, brown eyes, and a nose which, thanks to Mr. Tennyson, we do not require to describe as *retrossé*. It was "tippled, like the petal of a flower." As there was not a straight line about her anywhere, this delicate little turn was appropriate. Al-

though, however, it is true that there was no one straight line about the girl, the combination of a hundred soft curves produced a perfect pose of figure, light, firm and elastic, like—well, like most girls of twenty. What can one say more? Nelly had no settled place like her mother. She was not restless nor fidgety, but she was everywhere at once. I don't know why it was necessary that she should be always in motion—for she never crossed the room, or went from one table to another, without a reason for it—but somehow there was a perpetual play of movement and variety in every room where she was. Even when she was absorbed in the tranquillity of needlework, the motion of her hand kept things going. She was like a brook: a soft atmosphere of sound and movement—always soft, always pleasant—belonged to her by nature; but, like the brook, she tranquillized the surrounding scenery; or, like a bird, making the quietness seem more complete by its flitting from one branch to another, and delicious trying over of its favorite notes. Nelly was not alarmingly good, nor perfect in any way I know of; but she fulfilled this mission of the girl, which I fear, among greater aims, is falling a little into disrepute—she filled the whole house with her youth, her brightness, her gayety, her overflowing life. No great demands of any kind had yet been made upon her. Whether she would be capable of responding to them when they came, no one could tell; but in the meantime she fulfilled her primitive use with the most thorough completeness. She was the life of the house.

Mrs. Eastwood had brought in some letters with her to the drawing-room. They had been delivered at luncheon, and as none looked very pressing, they had been suffered to wait. This happy household was in no anxiety about its letters. That continual fear of bad news which afflicts most of us had no place in the bosom of the easy soul who had but one of her children absent from her, and he within half an hour by railway. She went over them at leisure, reading here and there a few words aloud. "Fancy, Nelly, Claude Somerville is going to be married at last," she said. "I wonder if his people will think her good enough; but, indeed, they will never think any one good enough; and poor little Mary Martin is going out as a governess. Now, how much better if Claude had married her, and saved such a sad experiment?"

"But did they ever care for each other?" asked Nelly, with open eyes.

"No; I don't think they did. But what a nice arrangement it would have been! Whereas the girl he is going to marry is an heiress," said Mrs. Eastwood, "and has no need of him, so to speak. Dear me! I do not mean to speak against Providence; but I should like sometimes to interfere. Listen! Poor little Mary bears up very bravely. She pretends to make light of it; but what a change it will be from her home, and her father who spoilt her?"

"Mamma, let us have her here on a long visit," cried Nelly. "I am sure if she chose she might spend her life among her friends."

"She is a very independent little thing," said Mrs. Eastwood, doubtfully. "Frederick and she were once rather good friends; but you may write to her if you like, Nelly. It will always be kind. The Claude Somervilles are going to Italy for their wedding-trip. Dear me! why can't people stay at home? One hears of nothing but Italy. And, speaking of that, here is an Italian post-mark. I wonder what it comes from?"

A few minutes passed, and Mrs. Eastwood made no further communication.

"Where is it from?" Ellinor asked twice, not caring to be kept in suspense, for the correspondence of the house, like other things, was in common.

Her mother, however, made no reply. She uttered various half-articulate exclamations—"Dear me! dear me! Poor man! has it really come to that?" she murmured as she read.

"What is it, mamma?" said Ellinor.

Mrs. Eastwood read it all over, cried out, "Good gracious, Nelly!" and, then, turning back to the first page, read it over again.

When Nelly found it impossible to bear this suspense any longer, she rose and went behind her mother's chair, and looked over her shoulder.

"Is it bad news?" she cried, looking at the cramped lines which she could not make out.

"Dear! dear me! dear me! What shall I do, Nelly?" said Mrs. Eastwood, wringing her hands; and then she added: "Don't write to Mary Martin, my dear—here is some one to be looked to of our own."

## CHAPTER II.—THE NEWS, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED.

MRS. EASTWOOD had scarcely uttered these mysterious and affecting words, when a roll of wheels, a resounding knock, a peal at the outer door, announced visitors.

"On! call Brownlow, Nelly—quick, before the door is opened!" she said. "Oh! Brownlow, stop a moment; I have just heard of a death in the family. I don't think I can see any one; I don't think that I ought to be able to see any one, Nelly."

"Who is it, mamma?" cried Nelly, taking possession of the letter. Mrs. Eastwood took out her handkerchief and put it lightly to her eyes.

"I don't mean that I was fond of him," she said, "or could be; for I did not know him scarcely—but still it is a shock. It is my brother-in-law, Nelly—Mr. Vane, whom you have heard of. I wonder, now, who it is at the door? If it is Mrs. Everard, Brownlow, you can let her in; but if it is Lady Dobson, or Miss Hill, or any other of those people, say I have just heard of a death in the family. Now run!—it must be some one of importance, for there is another knock at the door."

"Mr. Vane—why, he is not even a relation," cried Nelly. "There! Brownlow is sending

the people away. My step-aunt's husband, whom none of us ever saw—"

"It would be more civil to call him your step-uncle, Nelly. People generally do—especially as he is dead now, poor man, and never can take anything upon him. Oh, dear! why, it was Mrs. Barclay and her brother, Sir Alexis—people I really wanted to see. How unfortunate! Brownlow, I am sure I said particularly, Lady Dobson, or Miss Hill, or that kind of person—"

"You said Mrs. Everard was to come in, mum, and no one else," said Brownlow, standing very stiffly erect with his tray, and the card on it, in his hand.

"That is how it always happens," said Nelly, "when you say you are not at home. The nicest people always get sent away; the bores come at other times, and are admitted as a matter of course. Not to say that one should always tell the truth; it is the best policy, like honesty, and other good things."

"Nelly, you forget yourself," said Mrs. Eastwood. "When I say not at home, everybody understands what is meant. But in the present instance there is no fib. Of course, now we must keep it up for to-day at least. You can say, 'Not a near relation,' Brownlow; 'nothing to draw down the blinds for, but very unexpected and a shock.' That is enough. Poor man! it is true I never saw him but twice, and my father never forgave poor Isabella for marrying him. Poor Isabella! But that is not all, dear. Give me the letter again."

"I am reading it, mamma," said Nelly, and she began to spell it out aloud, stumbling over the crabbed Italian, and somewhat mazed by mingled ignorance and wonder. "Here is something about a girl, a young lady. Who is this young lady and what did you mean when you said some one of our very own?"

"I have been a wicked woman," said Mrs. Eastwood. "When poor Isabella died, I never asked about the baby; I took it for granted the baby died, too. And I did hate the man so, Nelly; he killed her; I am sure he killed her. And here has the poor baby been living all the time! I am a wicked woman. I might have been of some use, and taken her away from that dreadful man."

"But she seems to have liked the dreadful man. It says here that she cannot be consoled. Poor thing! Don't you know anything about her, mamma?" cried Nelly.

Here Mrs. Eastwood took out her handkerchief once more, and this time cried in earnest with grief and shame.

"I am a hard-hearted, bad woman!" she said; "don't contradict me, Nelly. A girl that is my own flesh and blood; and I never even inquired after her—did not know of her existence—"

"Well, mamma, I think I will give you absolution," said Nelly. "If you did not know of her existence, how could you inquire after her? Did poor Aunt Isabella die when she was born?"

"That is the worst of it all," said Mrs. Eastwood. "I must make a clean breast of it. I must not deceive myself any more. Yes, I did know of the poor child's existence. She must have been six or seven when Isabella died. The child had the fever, too, and I persuaded myself she must have gone with her mother. For you see, Mr. Vane—poor man, he is dead; we must not speak any harm of him—was so very disagreeable in his letters. I know I ought to have inquired; but I had got to dislike him so much, and almost to be afraid of him—"

"I think it was not quite right of you," said Nelly, with the gravity of a judge.

"I know it was not," said the culprit, penitent. "Many a time I have said to myself I would write, but I always put it off again. However, it is not too late now to make amends to her; and as for him— Give me the letter, Nelly. Oh! to think he should be dead—such a man as that."

"Well, surely, mamma, he is no great loss, if he was such a man."

"Not to us; oh, no, not to us! Not to any one except himself! Think, Nelly. However, we are not called upon to judge him, thank heaven! And as for the poor child—the poor little girl—"

"It is a long time since Aunt Isabella died," said Nelly. "How old is the little girl now?"

Mrs. Eastwood had to make a great effort of recollection. She had many landmarks all through her life from which to date, and, after a comparison of these, and some trouble in fixing the exact one that answered, she finally decided her sister's death had taken place the year that Frederick had his fever, which was when he was sixteen. It is unnecessary for us to go into the details by which she proved her calculation—as that he grew out of all his clothes while he was ill, and had nothing to put on till his new mourning arrived, which was a melancholy business for an invalid. By this means, however, the fact was established that "the poor little girl" must be at least sixteen, a startling conclusion, for which neither of the ladies were prepared.

"As old as Jenny," said Ellinor, pondering with the usual gravity upon her face.

"But, then, she is a girl, dear, not a boy, remember," said Mrs. Eastwood. "Jenny is a dear boy, but two of him in the house would be trying—in London. That is the worst of London. When boys are at home for the holidays they have so little scope, poor fellows. I wonder if she has had any education, poor child?"

"I wonder," said Nelly, still very vague. "Mamma, must this new cousin come here?"

"Where else could she go, Nelly? We must be very kind to her. Besides, she will be a companion for you. It will be very delightful, I don't doubt, to have her," said Mrs. Eastwood, with a certain quaver and hesitation in her voice.

Nelly made no immediate reply. "It will be very odd," she said, after a pause, "to have another girl in the house—a girl not so far off one's own age. Dear, what an unpleasant sort

of creature I must be! I don't feel so sure that I shall like it. Perhaps, she will be much nicer than I am; perhaps, people will like her better. I am dreadfully afraid, mamma, I am not good enough to be quite happy about it. If she had been six instead of sixteen—"

"Nelly, don't say anything, dear. She is our own flesh and blood. You would be good to any stranger. As for being nice than you, my Nelly! But, poor child, poor child, without father or mother, without a friend to stand by— inconsolable in a strange country—"

"But, mamma," said Nelly, scarcely able to keep from crying in sympathy, "it cannot be a strange country to her if she has lived there all her life."

"That does not matter, dear; 'nothing can change the fact,'" said Mrs. Eastwood. "I have been in Italy, and I know how English people live. They hold themselves aloof. Though they live there all their lives, it is always a strange country to them. And he was not the sort of man to make friends. I dare say she has been brought up by some old servant or other, and allowed to run wild." Here Mrs. Eastwood paused and sighed. She was the kindest woman in the world, but the idea of a girl of sixteen, with no manners or education, suddenly thrown upon her hands, a new member of her family, brought up under circumstances so different, and no doubt unlike them in every way, was not without its painful side. And she was angry with herself for seeing this, and grieved to think that she had so little natural affection or Christian charity. "Our whole hearts ought to go out toward her, poor thing," she added, with profound compunction. "She has nobody else in the world to look to; and, Nelly, whatever may be our first momentary feeling, of course there can be no real hesitation—"

"Of course," said Nelly, springing to her feet. "There is Mrs. Everard's knock this time, and now I know you will tell her all about it. What room must she have? the little green room, or the room in the wing, or—"

"Dear," said Mrs. Eastwood, coaxingly, "the kindest and the warmest would be the little room off yours—close to us both—to make the poor child feel at home."

"I knew that was what you would say," cried Nelly, half laughing, half crying; "it is exactly like you, mamma; not only take her in, but take her into the very centre of the nest, between you and me."

"To warm her, poor child," said the inconsistent mother, laughing and crying too; and Nelly ran off, stumbling in her way against Mrs. Everard, her mother's friend, whom the rest of the family were not fond of.

"Do not knock me down, Ellinor," said that lady, giving Nelly a kiss, which she received without enthusiasm.

Where was Nelly going? Straight up-stairs without a pause to the little room which, already in her own mind, she too had destined to her unknown cousin. She went and looked at it with her head on one side, contemplating the little bed, which was decked with faded chintz, and the paper, which was somewhat dingy, and the carpet, which was so worn as to bear little trace of its original pattern.

"This will never do," Nelly said to herself.

Her imagination, which was a very lively and sprightly imagination, instantly set off on a voyage of discovery through the house to make up what was wanting. She seized, always in her thoughts, upon here a picture, and there a set of shelves, and rooted out from the lumber-room the tiniest of easy-chairs, and made up her mind as to the hangings. I do not mean to say that this was all pure kindness. To tell the truth, Nelly liked the job. The arrangement of the room, and its conversion out of a dingy receptacle for a nursery-maid to a bower for a young lady, was the most delightful occupation to her. Did not some one say that a lady had lately set herself up in business as a house-decorator? Ellinor Eastwood would have been her apprentice, her journeywoman, with all her heart.

It will be apparent from this that, though the first idea of the new arrival startled both mother and daughter, the orphan was not likely to have a cold and unkindly reception. So much the reverse indeed was this to the real case, that by the time Mrs. Eastwood had confided all to her friend she herself was in high excitement and expectation of her unknown niece. Mrs. Everard had condoled with her on the burden, the responsibility, the trouble, every one of which words added to the force of the revulsion in her kindly and simple soul.

"God forgive me, Nelly," she said, when her daughter reappeared in the twilight, "if I thought my own sister's child a burden, or shrank from the responsibility of taking care of my own flesh and blood. It seemed to hurt me when she said such things. She must have thought that was how I felt about it; when, heaven knows, the very reverse—"

"It was just like her, mamma," said Nelly.

"My dear, none of you are just to poor Mrs. Everard," said the mother, driven back upon herself. She dared not grumble ever so little at this friend of her bosom without giving occasion, so to speak, to the Adversary to blaspheme. Therefore, for the sake of peace, she gulped down many of her friend's opinions without venturing to say how much she disagreed with them. The two were sitting consulting over the fire when Frederick came in. There were no lights in the room, the shutters were not closed, nor even the blinds drawn, and the trees were dimly discernible like processions of ghosts in the dim air outside. That still world outside, looking in through the window, was somewhat eerie and dreary; when it caught Mrs. Eastwood's eye she was apt to get nervous, and declare that there was somebody in the grounds, and that she saw a face looking in. But this evening she had other things to think of. Frederick, however, as he came in, felt a shadow of his mother's superstitions and alarms. The glimmering dark outside seemed

to him full of possible dangers. "Why don't you have lamps lighted, and shut up the windows?" he said. "I can't understand your liking for the firelight, mother. One can't see to do anything, and anybody that chooses can see in."

"We don't want to do anything, and we don't care who sees us," said Nelly, who was sometimes saucy to her elder brother.

"Don't wrangle, children; we were discussing something which will startle you very much, Frederick, as it did me. It will make quite a change in everything. Perhaps, Frederick will feel it least, being out all day; but we must all feel it," said Mrs. Eastwood.

Frederick seated himself with his face to the window with a certain air of endurance. He did not like the firelight flashing over him, and revealing what he might happen to be thinking. Frederick liked to keep his thoughts to himself; to tell just as much as he liked, and no more. He put his hands into his pockets, and gave a half perceptible shrug of his shoulders. He did not expect to be at all startled. "A change in the fashion, I suppose," he said to himself. He was supposed to be very fond of home, and a most domestic young man; and this was one of the ways in which he indemnified himself for the good character which he took pains to keep up.

They told him the story from beginning to end, and he was not startled; but he was interested, which was a great deal more than he expected to be. When the lamp was brought in he got the letter; but did not make very much of that, for, to Ellinor's great gratification, he could not read it. It was written in Italian, as we have said. Now, Mrs. Eastwood was the only person in the house who knew Italian, though Nelly herself could spell it out.

The mother was rather proud of her accomplishment. She had lived in Italy in her youth, and had never ceased to regard that fact as one of the great things in her life. It was with a thrill of pleasure that she read the letter over, translating it word for word. And it was something to have moved Frederick to such interest. He entered into the discussion afterward with warmth, and gave his advice with that practical good sense which his mother always admired, though she was not unaware that it sometimes failed him in his own affairs. "She cannot come here by herself," he said; "some one must go and fetch her. You can't allow a girl of that age to travel alone."

"That is quite true, Frederick," said Mrs. Eastwood; "how odd I should never have thought of it before! Of course, she could not travel alone. Dear, dear! what must we do?"

I cannot go myself, and leave you all to your own devices. Could I send Brownlow, I wonder;

or old Alice—?"

Brownlow would never find his way to Pisa. He would break down long before he got there. And old Alice: what good could she do—an old woman?"

"She traveled with me," said Mrs. Eastwood, with modest pride. "Wherever I went, she went. She learned a little of the language, too. She would take very good care of her. Whom else can I send? Dick is too young, and too busy about his examination."

"If you will pay me well, I don't mind going myself," said Frederick, stroking his mustache, and thus concealing a smile which lurked about the corners of his mouth.

"You, Frederick? It is very good of you to think of it. I never thought of you. What a pity we cannot make a party, and all go!" said Mrs. Eastwood. "To be sure that would cost a great deal. I would pay your expenses, of course, dear, if you could make up your mind to go. That would, no doubt, be the nicest way of all. Yes; and though it is a melancholy occasion, it would be a little change for you, too. You have been looking rather pale lately, Frederick."

"Yes, I have been looking pale," he said, with a little laugh, "and feeling pale. I'll go. I don't care much for the melancholy of the occasion, and I should like the change. To be sure, I am not much like old Alice: if the little girl wants a nursemaid, I might be awkward—"

"She is sixteen," said Mrs. Eastwood. Nelly made no remark, but she watched her brother with a scrutiny he did not quite like.

"Do you see anything extraordinary about me, Nelly, that you stare at me like that?" he said, with a little irritation.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary," said Ellinor. There was a frequent bickering between the two which made the mother uncomfortable sometimes. "I was thinking you must want a change very much, to be so ready to officiate as a nursemaid."

"I do want a change," he said.

"Don't wrangle, my dear children," said their mother. "What is the use of wrangling? You have always done it since you were babies. Nelly, I wish you were not so fond of having the last word."

"I did not have the last word this time," said Nelly, hastily, under her breath.

"For, if you will think of it, it is very good of Frederick to bestow so much interest on a poor, lonely little girl. Neither you nor I, Nelly, though we are women, and ought to have more feeling, ever thought of going to fetch her. The thing is, can you get leave, Frederick? You had your two months in the Autumn, and then you had Christmas, and you have been out of town very often, you know, for three days. Can you have leave again so soon? You must take care not to hurt yourself in the office."

"Oh! I can manage; I am not afraid of the office," he said; but at this moment Brownlow rang the bell solemnly, meaning that it was time to dress. When they sat down to dinner together, four of them—for Dick had come in the meantime—they were as handsome a young family party as could be seen. The table was bright with such flowers as were to be had; well lighted, well served. Perhaps of all the

party Frederick was the most strictly handsome. He had a somewhat long face, with a melancholy look, which a great many people found interesting—a Charles I. look, some ladies said; and he cultivated a small beard, which was slightly peaked, and kept up this resemblance. His features were very regular, and his fine dark brown hair longer than men usually wear it. He was very particular in his dress, and had delicate hands, shapely and white. He looked like a man to whom something would happen, the same ladies said who found out his resemblance to Charles I. There was one thing about him, however, that few people remarked at first sight; for he was aware of it, and did his best to conceal the defect of which he was conscious. He was not fond of meeting a direct look. This did not show itself by any vulgar shiftiness of look, or downright evasion of other people's eyes. He faced the world boldly enough, forcing himself to do it. There was, however, a subtle hesitation, a dislike to do it, which affected people strangely who found this peculiarity out; it affected them with a certain vague doubtfulness, not strong enough to be called suspicion. This failing it was, undefined and undefinable, which attracted Nelly's eyes so often to her brother's face, and produced the "wrangling" which Mrs. Eastwood protested against. Nelly had, without quite knowing it, a wondering curiosity about Frederick; though he was her brother, she had not found him out.

"What's the new girl's name?" said Dick, who was exactly like all the other young men going in for examinations who abound in English society, and perhaps scarcely impress the general mind so much as their universal information gives them a right to do. He was not great in conversation, and he was fond of asking questions. Some people thought it was an admirable omen of his future success. If there was a new point to be found out in an exhausted topic, a new detail or particular (for Dick was very practical) which no one had investigated, one of his questions was sure to hit the mark. And it was wonderful, seeing the interest all young persons take in proper names, that this important inquiry had been left to him. "You talk of her as the little girl, and the cousin, and so forth—ain't she possessed of a name?"

"To be sure; what is her name?" cried Nelly, promptly.

Mrs. Eastwood went back into the recesses of her memory. She knew it was a great family name in the branch of the Vanes to which her brother-in-law belonged. It was something very unlike him—that she remembered—very much unlike him, for she recollects quite well thinking so when she heard it first. Not Angel—oh, no!—though that was pretty, and quite the reverse of the father. No! Now she recollects. Innocent—that was the name.

"Innocent!" they all said, repeating it one after another all round the table. It impressed the family somehow, and made Mrs. Eastwood—I cannot tell you exactly for what reason—cry a little. There was something that went to her kind heart in the name.

And two days after, Frederick started for the Continent, to bring the orphan home.

(To be continued.)

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Niagara River has fallen 30 feet.

THERE are 50,000 gold-hunters now in Africa.

THE King of Holland has disinherited his eldest son.

THE French Assembly has made intoxication a penal offense.

THE Parliament of the Dominion of Canada will meet for business March 5th.

MR. DE LONG, our Minister to China, has resigned, and George F. Seward is named for the post.

BASS, the beer-brewer man, is to be made a baronet. This will be a bitter draught for some of the peers.

FROM the latest accounts between England and Russia respecting Central Asia are gradually increasing.

THE German Admiralty have decided to defend the coasts with monitors and torpedoes, and to build no more large ironclads.

A ROYAL decree has been issued in Rome by which the Italian Government takes formal possession of the 16 convents in that city.

THE year 1816 was the coldest ever known in the Eastern States. The chances seem to be that it will find its match at length in 1873.

THE Prince of Wales, the Emperor of Germany, the Hospodar of Montenegro and M. Thiers will be among the royal and other distinguished guests at the approaching Vienna Exposition.

THE National Theatre, Washington, close to the offices of the New York and other leading journals, was utterly destroyed by fire, January 28th, just previous to the 11 o'clock rehearsal. Loss, \$10,000; insurance, \$40,000.

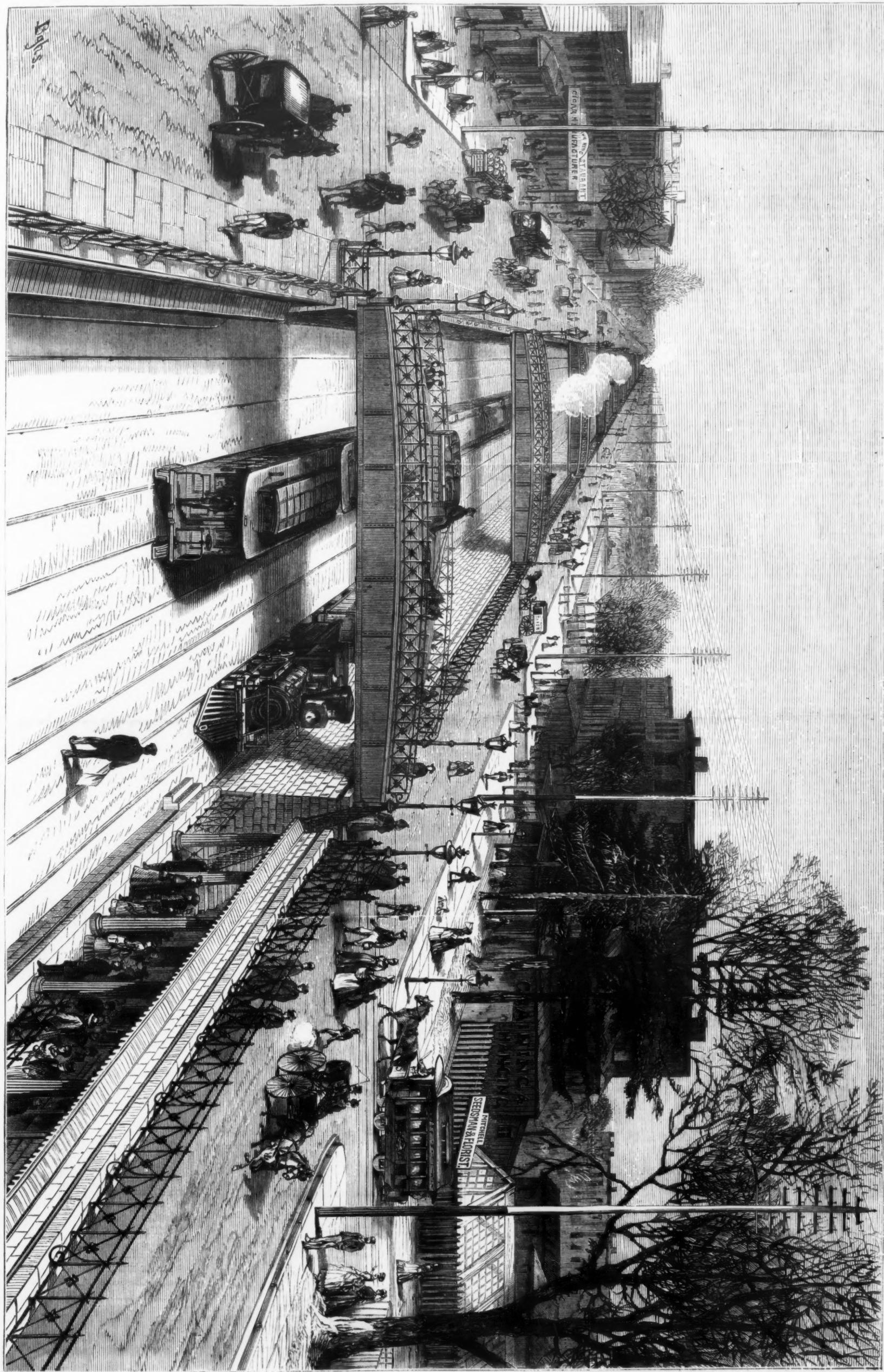
AN immense Catholic emigration from Germany is said to be impending, in consequence of the difficulties between the Imperial Government and the dignitaries of the Roman Church. The statement seems to be that the young Catholics will come to America.

THE annual meeting of the New York Geographical Society was held lately at Cooper Institute, when officers were elected for the year, and a paper read by M. Le Plongeon upon "The Coincidences between the Monuments of Ancient America and those of Assyria and Egypt."

THE announcement is officially made that from and after February 1st, 1873, all rates between offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for ten words, that are now more than \$2.50, will be reduced to that amount. This includes messages to and from the Pacific Coast.



THE DEAD, THE DYING AND THE ORPHELED IN THE CREDIT MOBILIER WARD OF THE UNION PACIFIC HOSPITAL.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FOURTH AVENUE IMPROVEMENTS—SINKING THE TRACK OF THE N. Y. AND HARLEM RAILROAD—THE OPEN CUT AT 126TH STREET, LOOKING SOUTH, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

DRAWN BY ALBERT BERGHaus FROM ENGINEER'S CHARTS.—SEE PAGE 370.

## GOOD AND BAD.

**I**N men whom men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men whom men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin a blot—  
I hesitate to draw a line—  
Between the two, where God has not.

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

## "WRECKED!"

OR,  
THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

CHAPTER XXX.—THE PERSUASIVE ELOQUENCE OF  
A PISTOL.

A MAN is apt to find an infinite persuasion in the sensations of the cold iron of a pistol pressing against his temple, to do whatever he is requested; and Monsieur Pierrot Vantage, who found his languid memory unstimulated by the threats and entreaties of the notary, found it leap at once into the most active life when Dorion, with pallid face and gleaming eyes, snatched a tiny gem of a pistol, pretty enough for a toy for the hand of Beauty, from his pocket, and, clapping its dainty muzzle to the worthy vinegrower's shaggy head, swore that he would shoot him like a dog if he did not immediately answer any question put to him by the notary.

Of course, being in a rage, Dorion spoke in English; but there exists a cosmopolitan language of looks and actions, understood on every spot of the globe, from that over which the Aurora Borealis quivers in weird splendor, to where the Southern Cross hangs on the bosom of the night; and Vantage at once succumbed to the fiery glances and significant action of the incensed earl.

He rolled his squinting eyes with a hideous expression from Dorion to the notary, who chuckled with delight, and, with his head on one side, surveyed the position of affairs with spasms of silent laughter crossing his lean face.

The scene of this tableau was the wide field mentioned in a previous chapter, where, on the approach of the earl and Bouchon, they had perceived the worthy owner languidly sowing wheat, followed by a long procession of crows, which he endeavored to scare from their peculations of the grain with volleys of frightful oaths; but, as they were impervious to profanity without stones, they waddled composedly in his wake, until Dorion and Bouchon disturbed them by their approach, when they flapped heavily away to the nearest wall, where they remained sole spectators of the scene between the vinegrower and his unwelcome visitors, croaking like a kind of operatic chorus when any loud-toned wrangling reached their ears.

Had Vantage been in a position to shout for help, he would not have yielded so easily: but the house was at some distance, and the seven little Vantages during the long warm days were scattered as widely from the parental roof as a bag of chaff by a whirlwind, and the place was so remote from the neighborhood of other houses; so there was nothing for him but to yield to the persuasion of Dorion's pistol, and answer whatever question was demanded of him.

"Now, go on, monsieur," said Dorion, holding the pistol steadily in position; and, rubbing his hands gently together, the notary said, with a suave and courteous expression which brought a deeper scowl to the unprepossessing countenance of the unlovely Vantage:

"Now, my amiable Vantage, let us, as my friend with the pistol suggests, proceed to business. In the first place, be good enough to inform me whether you conveyed Madame Therese the night she disappeared from Soulange?"

The notary paused for a reply, which came with the growl of a tiger.

"To my uncle's—Bourbach, the cooper. *Sacré-é-é-é-é!*"

"Ah! Take care that you tell the truth, my friend. In the second place, is she there yet?"

"How can I tell? Am I a wizard?"

"Ah, it is not unlikely that so generous a relative as Bourbach would be visited frequently by so dutiful a nephew? When did you see this old she-devil last?"

"The day before yesterday. The fiend take all notaries!"

"Thank you. Now, tell me whether you have in your possession that gold which Bourbach, the cooper, did not bestow upon you, but which Therese gave you for aiding her escape?"

"What affair is that of yours? She did not give it to you, Monsieur Long-fingers. I think it is safe from even the prying eyes of a notary."

"Nevertheless, I must see it."

"It is gone, I tell you."

"We shall see. But, to continue: where is at this moment hidden that goblin *protégé* of hers?"

"I do not know."

"Now, you will tell us whether Therese is yet under the hospitable roof of thy worthy uncle, Bourbach?"

Vantage pondered heavily for a moment.

"I suppose she is; old women are not so fond of running hither and thither."

"Exactly how many leagues is it to Bourbach's?"

"Three and a half. The house stands in the deer-forest, at the foot of the Rancy Waterfall. Would monsieur intend to go thither?"

An inexpressible shyness crept into the manner of Vantage, and he looked eagerly but with half-lowered lids into the thoughtful countenance of the notary.

Bouchon shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, with a dry expression:

"I have not a pistol to my head, my friend, I ask questions; I do not answer them. Now, suppose that it is quite impossible that you

should remember at what hour last night the wolf-cub sought refuge in your house?"

Vantage started and looked with a kind of terror at the notary, who, with his head on one side, regarded him keenly, smiling grimly as he observed the agitation displayed by him.

"Oh, the deuce! Truly, I remember now something of the kind, but, until monsieur mentioned it, the incident had slipped my memory."

"Where did he go to after leaving your house?"

"On my soul, monsieur, I cannot tell you. I gave him some cold sausages and brown bread in a wallet, and he departed before dawn."

"Alone?"

Vantage looked keenly at the notary, and, relapsing into sullenness, said:

"How do I know? None of us accompanied him."

"Oh, then, some one else did?"

"I swear that no one did."

"Now, Vantage," said the notary, grimly, "you have tried to deceive me, and found it useless. I don't forget old scores, but I am willing to let them fade out if I find you remain quiet, and do not further become the accomplice of my enemies. Mind, I do not expect that you will do so, but I warn you of the consequences if you enrage me!"

Dorion, who had been listening attentively, replaced the pistol in the breast-pocket of his coat, and, with a gesture from the notary to Vantage, threatening and significant, the two gentlemen walked rapidly away, watched by Vantage with a ferocious and bewildered expression.

"How could the lean old wretch have discovered that he took refuge here from pursuit? He is the devil! I did not think that even my wife knew of his coming and going, so soundly she and the children slept. *Morbleu!* though, he is not sufficiently clever to obtain my bright gold!"

The crows, returning with confidence to their pursuits in his proximity, were received with such a shower of stones that they retreated from the field with so loud and wrathful a cawing that it filled the spicy air, and winged their way, burning with astonishment, back to the rookery in the waving woods of Soulange.

As Dorion and the notary passed The Garland of Bacchus, Chevaux, who was standing in the sunny road inspecting the tender green, already mellowing the huge old lime, as the tiny leaves fluttered on its boughs in the soft and fragrant wind, saluted the notary, and, with a wave of his hand, entreated him to pause for a moment.

"I am overwhelmed with anxiety, monsieur," he said, with an effort to suppress his usual fat and cheerful smile; "but the fact is, that my guest, the geologist, went out yesterday, and has not yet returned. Has monsieur seen or heard anything of the old gentleman?"

"How should I?" responded the notary, testily. "I am not the keeper of all the old fools, or young ones either. Take my advice and do not alarm yourself about him. Come on, my lord."

He left Chevaux smiling and groaning in the middle of the road, and, for a moment, walked on in a silence which was broken by Dorion.

"Do you think that we have made anything out of that ruffianly Vantage?" he said, anxiously. "It seems to me that we knew as much before as he chose to reveal to us."

"Not quite," said the notary, dryly. "I only guessed at the wolf's having taken refuge in his old lair from your pursuit. But by his admission I feel convinced that he and the old woman are not very far from us, even should she have left Bourbach's."

"If I could get a glimpse of her," said Dorion, earnestly, "it would assure me at once whether she is the woman I imagine her to be. She disappeared, you tell me, the very hour of our arrival at Soulange?"

"Yes," said the notary; "but it was also after I had aroused her suspicions that I recognized her as my own enemy."

Dorion almost suffered a groan of anxiety to escape his lips.

"If she is above ground I must find her," he said; "there is some mystery here that I must sift to the bottom."

"She will not totally leave the neighborhood without endeavoring to repossess herself of her charge, about whom, I have little doubt, there is something that ought to be investigated," replied the notary. "At this moment, if not hidden close at hand, she is lying concealed at Bourbach's."

"But does it not strike you that the extraordinary appearance of Rosetta in the man's company last night involves her strangely in the affair?"

Dorion turned a startled look on his companion.

"Of course," he answered, "she must have recognized him as the destroyer of Lutin. Yet, why her obstinate silence on the subject, since I know she has fearful cause to hate him beyond any creature on earth?"

"Her conduct is altogether inexplicable. At first you accounted for her mysterious appearance at the forester's lodge in the same manner that I did myself," said the notary.

A deep flush dyed Dorion's face.

"I was never more sorry in my life," he said, frankly. "Knowing Rosetta as I do, I feel that no apology can excuse me to her for my unjust and insulting suspicions."

"One thing is quite certain," responded the notary; "that she seemed too much alarmed and agitated to comprehend your pleasing remarks. But wait a moment. I have a little appointment here, in which you may feel interested."

The notary drew Dorion down a little shadowy arcade leading from the main avenue, and after turning a gentle curve, paused and whispered softly, which, like the spell of a wizard, instantly produced from behind a huge tree a little goblin in a ragged blouse and

fresly dyed cap of scarlet wool, whose glittering black eyes looked like beads of jet set in a mask of old parchment. It is needless to say that Dorion stood before the cautious and mischievous Tarquin.

Dorion opened his large blue eyes at this extraordinary apparition, which, on its part, eyed him with intense cunning and dismay at his unexpected appearance, and would have vanished had not the notary beckoned it imperatively to remain.

"Come, my friend," he said, as Tarquin cautiously approached, in the manner of a dog dreading a kick, and with an eye fixed furiously on Dorion; "hast thou got what I desired thee to obtain?"

Tarquin nodded, and, plunging his yellow and tiny claw into the rags of his blouse, he produced a small kid-skin pouch, which he slowly conveyed into the hand of the notary extended to receive it, at the same time glancing round him with an expression of terror and apprehension, as though he dreaded an unseen witness behind every tree, varying these glances with swift and hungry ones directed on the pouch.

The notary turned to Dorion, opening the bag as he did so.

"See," he remarked, in a tone so low as to be inaudible to Tarquin, "I have every reason to believe that this is the money received by Vantage from Therese for conveying her to Bourbach's. Look at it, and tell me if it is not English money."

Dorion examined the sovereigns, and returned the pouch to Bouchon, saying:

"Decidedly, these are English coins."

His cheeks burned, and his hand trembled as he said this, and, holding the money in his fingers for a moment, the notary looked thoughtfully at the earl.

"In the momentary glimpse I obtained of it on a former occasion," he said, in the same low voice, "I fancied it to be so. I think there can be little doubt that she is the woman you imagine her to be."

Dorion drove the ferule of his walking-stick absently into the decaying leaves of the previous Autumn, lying under his feet, and stared blankly at Tarquin, to whom the notary had turned.

Rendered uneasy by the fixed gaze of Dorion, the namesake of the Roman king suddenly lit up his voice, and, in a shrill pipe, cried:

"If monsieur would give me the ten-franc piece he promised me for bringing to him the purse of my father, I would hasten to restore it, lest he should proceed to the hole in which he hid it and find it gone. Monsieur will perceive that his wrath would be extreme."

A vague feeling of astonishment passed through Dorion's mind as he contemplated the feeble little creature, and considered the devouring passion of avarice which could tempt the shrunken morsel of humanity before him to risk the brutal rage of Vantage in order to obtain a ten-franc piece, on which, as the notary extended it to him, he flung himself in an agony of rapacious joy, and, snatching the pouch from Bouchon, disappeared like a red-capped goblin among the tender green shadows of the park.

"That withered phenomenon will yet be heard of," said Bouchon, reflectively. "Now for Bourbach's."

"I must visit my mother first," said Dorion, as they emerged into the avenue. "I must hear how she progresses."

"I would have the country round scoured by the servants," said Bouchon, reflectively, "in order to secure our ugly friend; but the astute Therese, if she heard of the hunt, might convey herself altogether beyond our reach; and, after all, we want the old Satan herself, not the wolf-cub, with whom we could do very little, either one way or the other."

"I want them both," said Dorion, tersely, and fell into a moody silence, which the notary was too much occupied with his own thoughts to notice. (To be continued.)

## THE IMPROVEMENT OF FOURTH AVENUE.

FEW of the proposed metropolitan improvements appeal so heartily to the practical sense of the public as that now in process of construction on Fourth Avenue. Since the completion of the mammoth Union Depot at Forty-second Street, the Press of New York has published almost daily the complaints of pedestrians and horse-car travelers. Every few days there were accounts of the killing and wounding of persons about that frightful network of rails just beyond the depot. Occasionally, owing to the misplacement of a switch, a locomotive leaped its own pair of rails, rushed away, crashing through buildings, and fetching up in tracts of ground reserved for less destructive objects.

The people clamored for immunity from the dangers of such accidents, and from one end of the city to the other a strong cry arose, "Sink the tracks." While committees were forming to embody the protests in an attractive form, and indignation meetings were reflecting the sentiment of a large mass of our citizens, the Fourth Avenue Improvement Company was quietly formed, and as quietly inaugurated the great work of prevention.

By the plan adopted by the engineers, several valuable objects will be accomplished. The route from the depot to the Harlem River will be immensely improved in appearance; the railroad companies can handle their various trains with greater ease and less delay; the traveling public will find handsome, comfortable bridges to render their passage of the tracks free from danger and apprehension; property-holders will see the value of their lots rising rapidly and permanently; and as a consequence of these, the city will itself be a heavy gainer by the improvement.

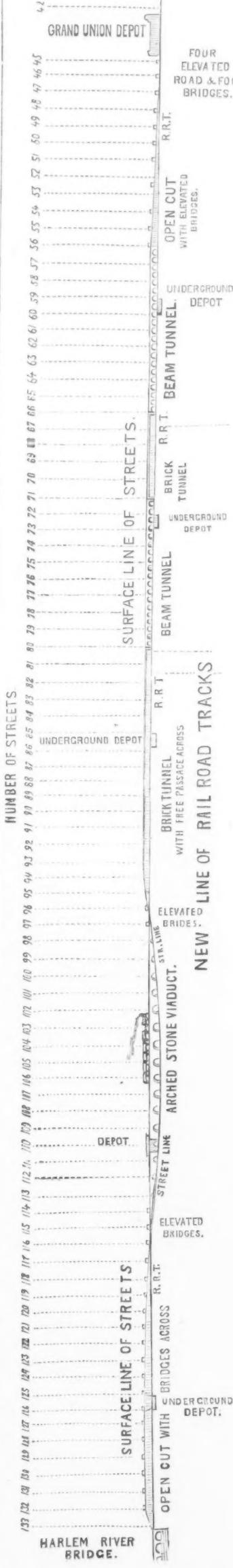
With a view of the avenue from the depot to

the river before us in graphic plans, we can imagine a most beautiful thoroughfare.

Seldom has there been so promising a field for architectural ornamentation. It is true the general view will be repeatedly broken with bridges, but these will create an unusually picturesque *tout ensemble*.

A few words will explain the improvements, which are now being pushed as rapidly as mechanical skill will permit.

Beginning at Forty-fifth Street, there will be



PROFILE OF THE IMPROVEMENTS ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD FROM 142D TO 12D STREET.

a gradual sinking of the track-bed until it attains the depth of 15 feet from the level of the street, when it will continue at that grade to the river. This sloping renders necessary a large number of bridges, elevated above the street, and furnished with easy approaches. The sinking proper will begin at Forty-ninth Street.

At Forty-fifth Street the first bridge, devoted to carriage and foot passengers, will be located. The centre will be reserved for vehicles, while broad promenades will appear on each side. The bridge will commence in the centre of the block, between New Street and Madison Avenue, and extend close on to Lexington Avenue. The elevation will be fifteen feet. The approaches will be long, but neat in appearance and comfortable to pedestrians. At Forty-sixth Street there will be a single bridge for foot passengers only, and at the next corner another of similar style. At Forty-eighth Street there will be a large bridge, constructed after the same plans as that at Forty-fifth, with the exception of the approaches, which will be longer. From Forty-ninth to Fifty-sixth Street there will be a succession of bridges for foot passengers.

The first beam tunnel will commence at Fifty-sixth Street, and extend to Sixty-seventh, with an underground depot at Sixtieth Street. Then will come the brick tunnel, leaving the street-level bare to Seventy-first Street. From this point to Eightieth Street will be the second beam tunnel, with another underground depot at Seventy-third Street. From Eightieth to Ninety-eighth Street will be the second brick tunnel, with a third depot at Eighty-sixth Street. At Ninety-sixth Street there will be level approaches, and from Ninety-eighth to One Hundred and Fifteenth Street will be the immense stone viaduct, with a depot at One Hundred and Tenth Street. The open cut will extend thence to the Harlem River, with a depot at One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Street.

The avenue at the beam tunnels will resemble somewhat the portion of Park Avenue between Thirty-second and Forty-second Streets. These tunnels are so defined, from the employment of iron beams to span the track-bed from the walls. The limits will be noticed upon the avenue surface by neat iron fences, between which there will be patches of grass, with trees and other attractive foliage. The carriage-roads on each side will be invariably 27 feet, the sidewalks 15, and the portion occupied by the improvements a trifle over 50 feet, as that width is necessary to accommodate six tracks.

All brick arches and covering of tunnels are to be covered with good, clean earth, put in layers of 8 inches, and to be well rolled or rammed. Over the earth, where practicable, will be placed broken stone, of proper size, to be put in such manner as may be directed, and well packed. Two feet of good earth-filling is to be placed over this stone, and well rolled down.

The following will give a good idea of the substantial character of the work: The foot and road bridges are to be of 50 feet span, and 10 feet in the clear in width, and composed of two made-up wrought-iron plate girders, 12 feet wide from end to end, surmounted by an iron railing, 1 foot and 5 inches high. There are to be 11 floor beams at equal distances, 8-inch light iron, 65 pounds to the lineal yard. The steps, of North River blue-stone in masonry, are to be as shown in elevation and plan. Masonry above the street grade, on outside, on rock-faced gneiss, in courses of 14 to 16 inches; beds and ends to lay half-inch joints. Inside face to abutments, same kind as general specification for retaining walls. Foundations, rubble masonry of first-class gneiss.

The circular railing for ventilators will be 3 feet 6 inches high at highest point, and composed of wrought-iron uprights 1 inch square, pointed at the top. The uprights to be alternately 3 and 6 inches above the top rail. There are to be 2 rails, 1½ inch by ½ inch, to which the uprights and posts are to be riveted. The uprights are to be placed 4 inches apart. One upright or post every 3 feet is to be let into the masonry 6 inches, and leaded. From Seventy-ninth Street to about 25 feet south of Eightieth Street, outside walls are to be built 3 feet below the grade of the railroad, or of greater depth if directed by the engineer, and 8 feet wide, and to be of first-class gneiss rubble masonry. These outside walls, above the railroad grade, are to be built 7 feet thick at bottom, 3 feet at top, with a batter of 1 inch to the foot on the inside face, and are to be plastered on the back with a coat of one-half inch thick mortar, well rubbed down. The walls are to be of first-class gneiss rubble masonry, to be faced with 12 inches of brick, or to be all stone masonry like that specified for retaining walls, and the brick to have heading courses every fifth course, tying the brick-work to the stone. The walls are to rise about 15 feet above the grade of the railroad. The top stones on the walls are to be not less than 14 inches thick and 3 feet long, and 2 feet wide, with pointed beds and ends. The centre walls are to be 3 feet thick and 3 feet wide below the railroad grade, and to be first-class gneiss rubble masonry. The interior walls above the railroad grade are to be 20 inches thick, and high enough to receive the girders, and are to be built of brick, tied with five courses of North River blue-stone, 5 inches thick, and properly dressed. The beams and arches are to be covered with concrete 4 inches above the tops of beams and arches, and all to be covered with three-ply roofing felt and cement. Openings, 3 feet by 7 feet, arched at top, are to be built in all these walls, alternately in opposite sides, every 75 feet.

The work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and will probably be completed during the next two years. The plans are on the most liberal scale, and call for execution of the best possible character. Our illustrations describe better than words the future appearance of this great thoroughfare.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### A Bedroom in a Chinese Inn.

These bedrooms have usually a table, a chair and a bed; but the bed is, perhaps, the least downy we have ever slept on, as it is built of brick and heated by a fire beneath. There is no mattress or covering; each traveler brings with him a padded quilt, in which he wraps himself, and his pillow is of wood. The hangings of this hardest of beds consist of spiders' webs, which drop in a profusion of silken folds from the rafters. The room, too, is infested with rats and other vermin, and in some cases possesses a very strong odor, as it has been frequently used as a stable.

### The Lifeboat "Northumberland" Going to the Rescue of the "Gleaner."

During one of the many gales of this winter an exciting scene occurred at South Shields. A collier brig, the *Gleaner*, of Blyth, was making for the entrance between the two piers, when a tremendous sea broke over her, causing the death of one of the men at the wheel, and deranging her steering-gear. She at once became a mere drifting raft; signal-guns were fired to summon the lifeboats, and thousands of anxious spectators hurried down to the harbor-mouth. Several steamboats also steamed out to try and rescue the brig from her perilous position, and before she became completely entangled with the pier the steam-tug pilots succeeded in getting a hawser thrown on board. For a while all danger seemed to be averted, though the lifeboats kept near the brig in case of further accident. It was fortunate that they did so, for just as the brig was about to get abreast of the end of the fish-pier, and the words, "Now she is all right," were being spoken by on-lookers, the tow-line broke; she was once more at the mercy of the storm, and was washed broadside on to the end of the Herd Sand. The lifeboats now made all speed to the brig, the *Northumberland* being the first to near her, when she was temporarily buried under a tremendous sea, which washed six or seven of the crew out of the lifeboat. The remaining crew, though a number of their oars had been smashed, pulled with great energy, and succeeded in rescuing all but two, who were beaten down by the fury of the waves. Two of the crew of the *Gleaner* also perished.

### Ten Minutes for Refreshments at a German Railway Station.

Our illustration represents the scene of bustle and confusion of a ten-minutes delay for refreshments at a railway station. The waiters hurrying to and fro in wild confusion—the men, women and children all huddled together, anxious to turn the short time allotted to them to good account—are graphically depicted. The faces represented in the drawing are sufficiently Teutonic to indicate that the scene must be laid at a German railway station.

### A Squatters' Village near Berlin.

Last April, when there was something like a general ejectment, by landlords bent upon securing higher rents, of the poorest class among the population of Berlin, a large number of those who had been turned out settled with their families on some waste town lands in the neighborhood, where they provided themselves with such hasty shelter as time and circumstances admitted. Finding themselves undisturbed, they began constructing wooden huts, and several flimsy villages thus sprang up. The authorities becoming alarmed at the prospect of fire, resolve upon their removal, and a large number of huts were accordingly demolished by the city firemen. One of these villages, situated in the Schlaechter-Wiese, was allowed to remain until the present month. Before its final demolition an artist visited and made a sketch of this squatters' village, and from his sketch our illustration is taken.

### A Lesson in Cookery to the London Poor.

The Superintendent of the Mission Hall in Cow Cross Street, London, Mr. Catlin, taking an interest in the physical as well as the spiritual welfare of his flock, determined to give them a practical lesson in cookery, and show them what Australian meat was like. He called in the assistance of Mr. Tallerman, who agreed to supply supper for two hundred at his own cost, and to do the cooking. The guests, who assembled on New Year's Night, consisted of Mr. Catlin's regular congregation, a hundred and twenty in number, and eight of the most respectable people from the adjoining courts. The volunteer waiters distributed pannikins to all comers. The first course was a pint of pea-soup per head, followed by Irish stew. Then Mr. Tallerman made a speech, in which he said that, though the importation of Australian meat was impossible. A Prussian ministry must be a royal ministry, and the Imperial Chancellor must always be a Prussian.

### FOREIGN NOTES.

A REPORT of the census taken in Rome on December 31st, 1871, shows that the number of inhabitants on the night of that day was 244,484, of whom 139,267 were males and 105,217 females. These figures include the population of the Campagna. Of marriageable unmarried males and females in the city there are about 84,000.

A MILAN letter states that in consequence of a dispatch received during the recent Italian emigration to this port, the Italian Government has issued imperative instructions to the Prefect of Turin to impede all emigration to this country, and to permit only those Italians to leave who have documentary assurance of their employment upon their arrival here.

THE budget for the German Navy for the year 1874, which will be shortly submitted to the Reichsrath, provides for a special credit for the construction of small plated vessels capable of carrying big guns. These vessels, drawing very little water, and incapable of venturing far from the coast, have a special destination. They will be of use in the Baltic, especially in the Gulf of Finland and on the shores of the Russian provinces.

THE Paris idea of Christmas consists in devouring, not the orthodox turkey and plum puddings, but enormous quantities of oysters—such as they are—*pottage à la bisque*, craw-fish, truffled fowl, and *foie-gras*. On Christmas Eve the boulevards of the city presented a brilliant aspect, all the windows of the restaurants being ablaze with lights till two or three o'clock in the morning. Fat geese, crawfish, and *pâtes de foie-gras* were in great demand.

THE Scotsman estimates the total Catholic population of the United Kingdom at about 6,000,000, whose spiritual needs are attended to by nearly 2,900 priests. The Catholic peers in Great Britain and Ireland number thirty-three, including a duke, a marquis, seven earls, four viscounts, and twenty barons. Twenty-four of these are members of the House of Lords. There are also forty-eight Catholic baronets and thirty-six Catholics in the House of Commons.

PRINCE BISMARCK's house, at Schoenhausen, may yet be but an exaggeration of that which Mr. Wemmick constructed for his aged P., who was to be rejoiced with the explosion of cannon and the lowering of a drawbridge. The five pieces of cannon which the Emperor presented to the Chancellor have been removed to the residence at Schoenhausen, where, on their arrival, all the town turned out in processions of praise, and watched the six horses which proudly drew them to their long home.

SOONER than was anticipated, the gaming-tables at Homburg and Wiesbaden have been definitely closed. Those at Homburg were closed on Sunday, the 29th of December, and the Wiesbaden games were brought to an end on Monday, the 30th ult. There was a great influx of strangers at the former place, and the Kurhaus was crowded. Those present were so disorderly that the game could not be regulated—everybody struggling to bet in the closing hours of the ancient institution—and the administration therefore issued a notice anticipating their legal dissolution by a few days. At Wiesbaden the rooms at the last resembled a brawling bear-garden, although no actual disturbance occurred. It was announced that with the new year public gaming-tables would be opened at San Sebastian.

A WRITER in the *Gardener's Magazine* calculates that about 22,447,516,296 tons of rain have fallen in England during the past year, eighteen inches above the average waterfall being posited as the basis of calculation.

THE boot and shoe makers of London have challenged their *bouffrères* of Paris to a trial of skill in the production of their wares, both excellence and speed of manufacture to be taken into account. The challenge was given in the *St. Crispin*, and accepted in the *Moniteur de la Cordonnerie*. Five hundred dollars await the successful contestants in this struggle or beauty as it relates to booty.

A. M. LAYA has been writing a popular biography of M. Thiers, in which he takes the opportunity of roundly abusing the Napoleons. According to this trustworthy person, the battle of Sédan was but part of a great scheme on the part of the Emperor to verify the prediction of Napoleon I, that one day Europe would be either Republican or Cossack, a remark which, according to M. Laya, constantly haunted Louis Napoleon.

A GREAT change has manifested itself of late years in the cost of living in those portions of Europe which were once famous for cheapness. Even Switzerland, heretofore the paradise of bankrupts and of the impecunious generally, has felt the influence of this change. As an evidence of the augmentation in the price of the necessaries of life in that country, it was stated, at a recent meeting of the Statistical Political-Economical Society in Zurich, that, since the year 1850, the net increase in the price of bread has been 50 per cent., in beef 100 per cent., in veal 150 per cent., and in milk 100 per cent. As result of this increase in the price of other articles as well as of labor naturally follows, and it is not singular, therefore, to learn that in the Canton of Berne a number of newspapers have resolved to increase their price of subscription 20 per cent. on account of the cost of paper and labor.

IN the chamber of Deputies at Berlin, after the speech of Prince Bismarck, General von Roon made a statement as to the constitution of the Prussian Cabinet. He said a ministry of the majority in Prussia was impossible. A Prussian ministry must be a royal ministry, and the Imperial Chancellor must always be a Prussian.

### SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW SOCIETY has been organized in Sacramento, Cal., under the name of "The Agassiz Institute." It has been formed on the model of the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., and owes its birth in part to the recent visit of Professor Agassiz to California.

THE association proposed for the promotion of explorations in Africa by the Berlin Geographical Society has constituted itself under the title of the African Society, its principal members being Drs. Schweinfurth, B. H. B., Bastian, Peschel, Brünn, and Petermann.

AS LIMITS of the "Egyptian district," of which he treats in his recent work on the Birds of Egypt, Captain Shelley takes the Mediterranean on the north, and the second Nile cataract on the south, with the Arabian and Libyan deserts to the east and west. Within this area about three hundred and fifty species of birds are met with, of each of which a short description is given, together with remarks upon the time of its occurrence, habits, and other peculiarities. The greater number of the birds of Egypt are well-known European forms, but there is a considerable admixture of Oriental and African species. In the latter category we may notice the beautiful little sun bird, *Nectarinia medicea*, of which the portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume. Captain Shelley met with it near Kalabash, in Nubia, where it is tolerably plentiful in April, but has "no doubt that it occasionally descends below the first cataract," as he noticed several specimens within twenty miles of Philae. Other tropical forms which intrude into the Nile district are the yellow-vented Bulbul (*Pycnonotus arsinoe*), the Egyptian Bush-babbler (*Cratoporus acaciae*), the Bifasciated Lark (*Certhilauda desertorum*) and two other species of Bee-eater, besides the *Merops apiaster* which visits Europe. The most abundant groups among the Passerine birds of Egypt are, perhaps the Larks and the Stonechats, of both of which numerous forms occur along the Nile banks. Nearly all the European *Sylviidae* are likewise found in Egypt, either all the year round, or in winter during their southern migration. The list of birds of prey is also numerous, and many of the eagles and hawks are said to be individually

very abundant. In fact, Egypt must be pronounced to be quite a paradise for an ornithologist who wishes to "take it easy," and to collect a number of rare and interesting species without going far from home, or endangering his health in the forests of the tropics.

### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A DISPATCH from Genoa says the Rev. Dr. Pusey is better.

PRINCE ALBERT, of Prussia, is to be married on the 15th of April.

VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX wants to have his virtue whitewashed.

THE rumored difficulties in the Spanish Cabinet are without foundation.

M. DE COURCELLES has accepted the position of French Ambassador to the Vatican.

WILLIAM G. FARGO has been added to the Directory of the Samana Bay Company.

THE Russian Czarowitz will accompany his mother to Italy for the benefit of his health.

Pius IX. has witnessed the death of 100 Cardinals during his pontificate of a quarter of a century.

BARNUM has already a new rhinoceros, four lions, six tigers and various other little pets, for his traveling show.

A PRIVATE dispatch from Topeka, Kansas, received in St. Louis, states that Senator Pomeroy is sick with brain fever.

THE newspaper reports of Captain Jack's fight with the regular troops confirm the statement that the Modocs fought naked.

THE Spanish steamship *Murillo*, which is now said to have sunk the *Northfleet*, has arrived at Cadiz and reported the disaster.

THE Pope has threatened to leave Rome if the establishments of the heads of religious Orders are suppressed by the Italian Government.

THE oldest postmaster in New England is David Bailey, of Cambridge, Mass., who was appointed under John Quincy Adams, in 1828.

THE Chamber of Deputies, at Berlin, have passed through its second reading the amended Bill regulating the relations between Church and State.

PRINCE NAPOLEON disavows all responsibility for the recent newspaper announcement of his views in regard to the future policy of the Bonaparte family.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, who sailed for Europe recently, was honored with a farewell dinner at Delmonico's, at which Professor Agassiz presided.

"SORCERER" is another name for murderer in Bombay. With a knowledge of this fact came the discovery that the Parsees had revived the Society of France.

ACCORDING to the Paris Legitimist journals the Oréanist and Bourbonist branches have united upon the Count de Chambord as the rightful King of France.

SIR JOHN STRACHEY, who is now in England, will probably succeed Sir William Muir, whose term as Governor of the Northwestern Provinces of India will soon expire.

ACCORDING to the returns of the London Board of Trade, the foreign trade of Great Britain for the year 1872 reached the enormous total of \$3,046,690,000.

LERDO DE TEJADA, the new President of Mexico, is a lawyer, 45 years of age, possessed of great energy and courage, and is also notably eloquent as an orator.

PRINCE LUNALILLO has been elected by the popular vote King of the Sandwich Islands, but his legitimacy has yet to be confirmed by the action of the Legislative Assembly.

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS, an American, has been made a member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke. He is the first citizen of the United States who has received this honor.

THE Shah of Persia has decided to take with him to Europe three Princes of the blood royal, three Ministers of the first-class, seven of the second, and about thirty attendants.

THE War Department of France has decided upon the redetermination of the French meridian, which is very inaccurate at present. Captain Perrier is to have charge of the work.

THE House recently took up the Bill abolishing the franking privilege, and adopted the Senate amendments. The Bill was subsequently signed by the President.

IT is pretty certain now that Mr. Fish will remain in the Cabinet. He has J. C. B. Davis to help him, and is looking for a house, as the lease of his present one expires on the 4th of March.

MR. CARDWELL intimates his intention of taking away military rank from the paymasters of the English Army. They will in future be regarded as civilians—as clerks, in fact, which they are.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Athenaeum* calls attention to the fact that considerable portions of Mr. Charles Reade's last novel are paraphrased from Dean Swift's "Journal of a Modern Lady."

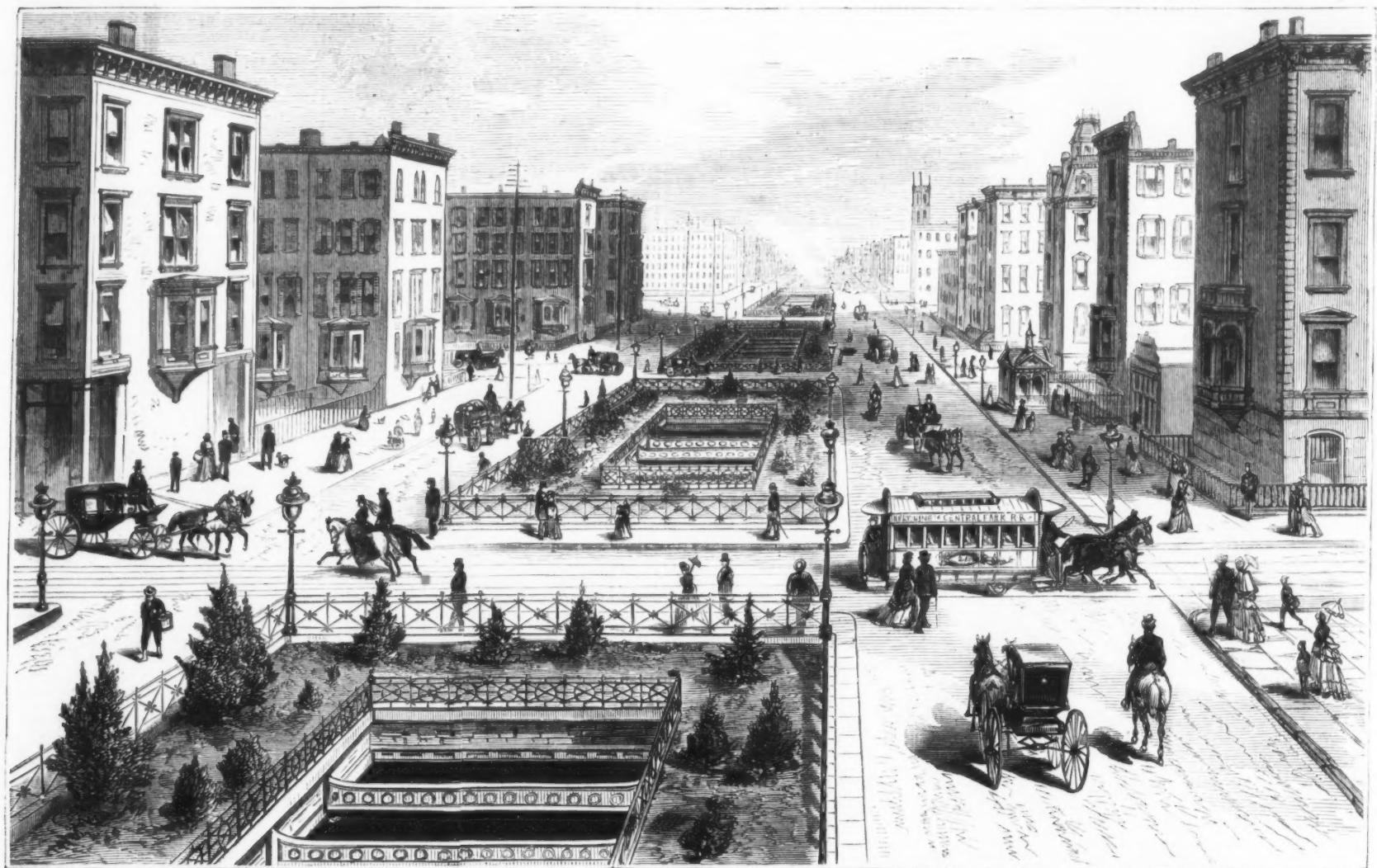
ROBERT BROWNING, in his last poem, sneers at Byron, and ridicules his "There let him lay!" in the *Apostrophe to the Ocean*, which, of course, is shocked from the Lindley Murray point of view.

ONE Signor Ferraro, a Milanese, has discovered a new fuel, which is said to be abundant in Italy, cheaper and more calorific than coal. We are not told precisely what this mysterious combustible is.

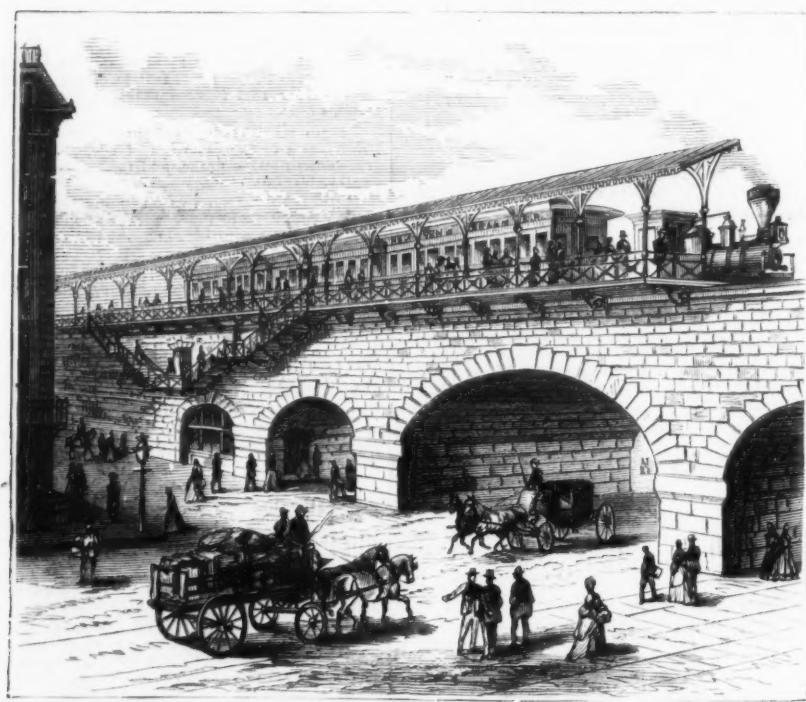
ENGLAND has, in the person of Sir F. Goldsmith, been acting as arbitrator in a boundary dispute between Persia and Afghanistan, and neither party being satisfied, an appeal has been made to Earl Granville.

FIRMIN HUGUES was buried recently in Pérela-Chaise. He was the last of the three soldiers who first hoisted the French flag on the Mamelon Vert at Sebastopol. He lost in doing so one arm, and had his jawbone shattered.

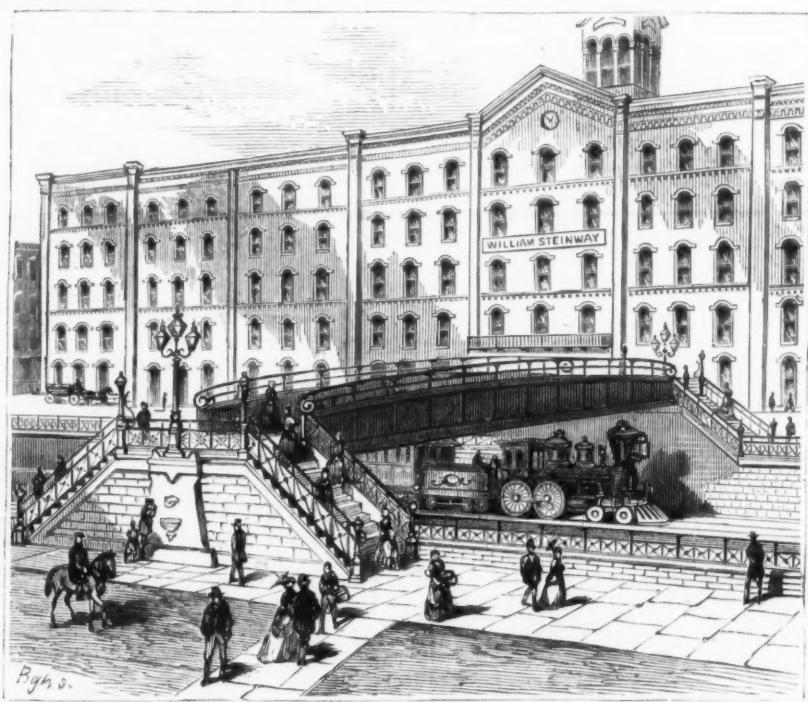
GENERAL JULIUS WHITE, commander of a division of the Army of the Potowmack during the eventful last year of the war, sailed for Europe, whence he will take steamer to Buenos Ayres to resume his duties as United States Minister Resident to the Argentine Republic.</



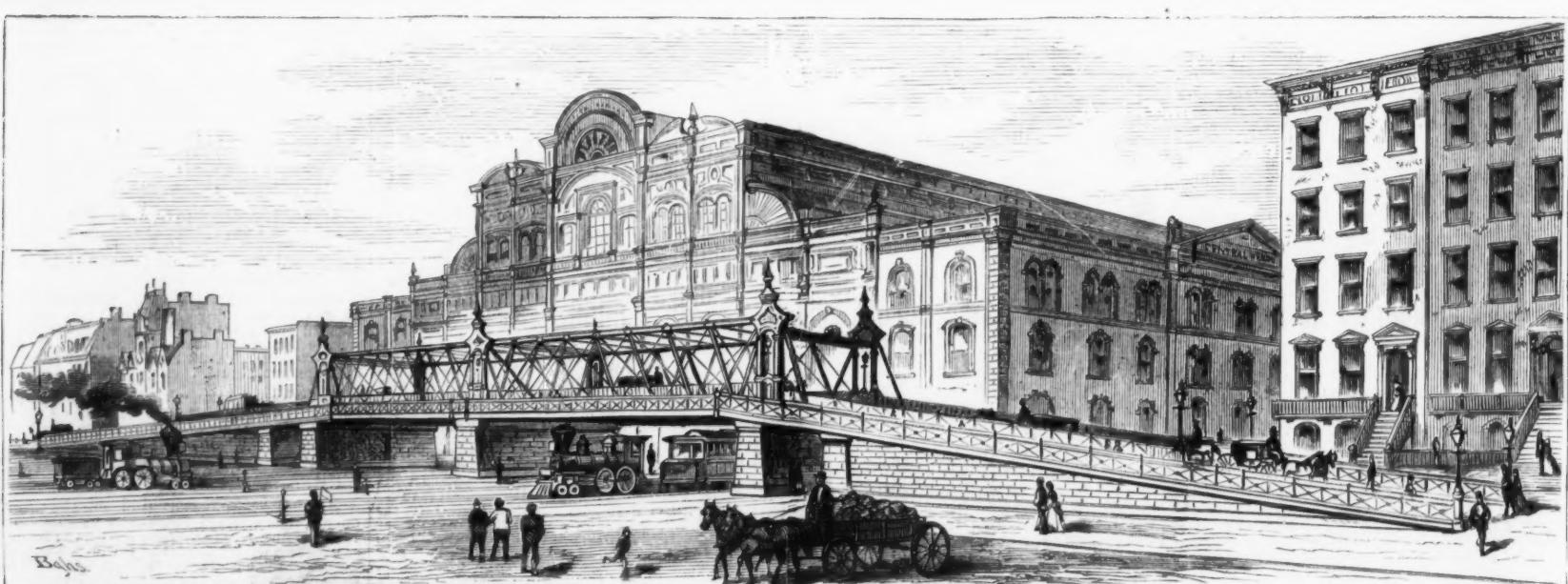
VIEW OF THE BEAM TUNNEL FROM 59TH TO 76TH STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



THE STONE VIADUCT FROM 99TH TO 115TH STREET—THE STATION AT 110TH STREET.

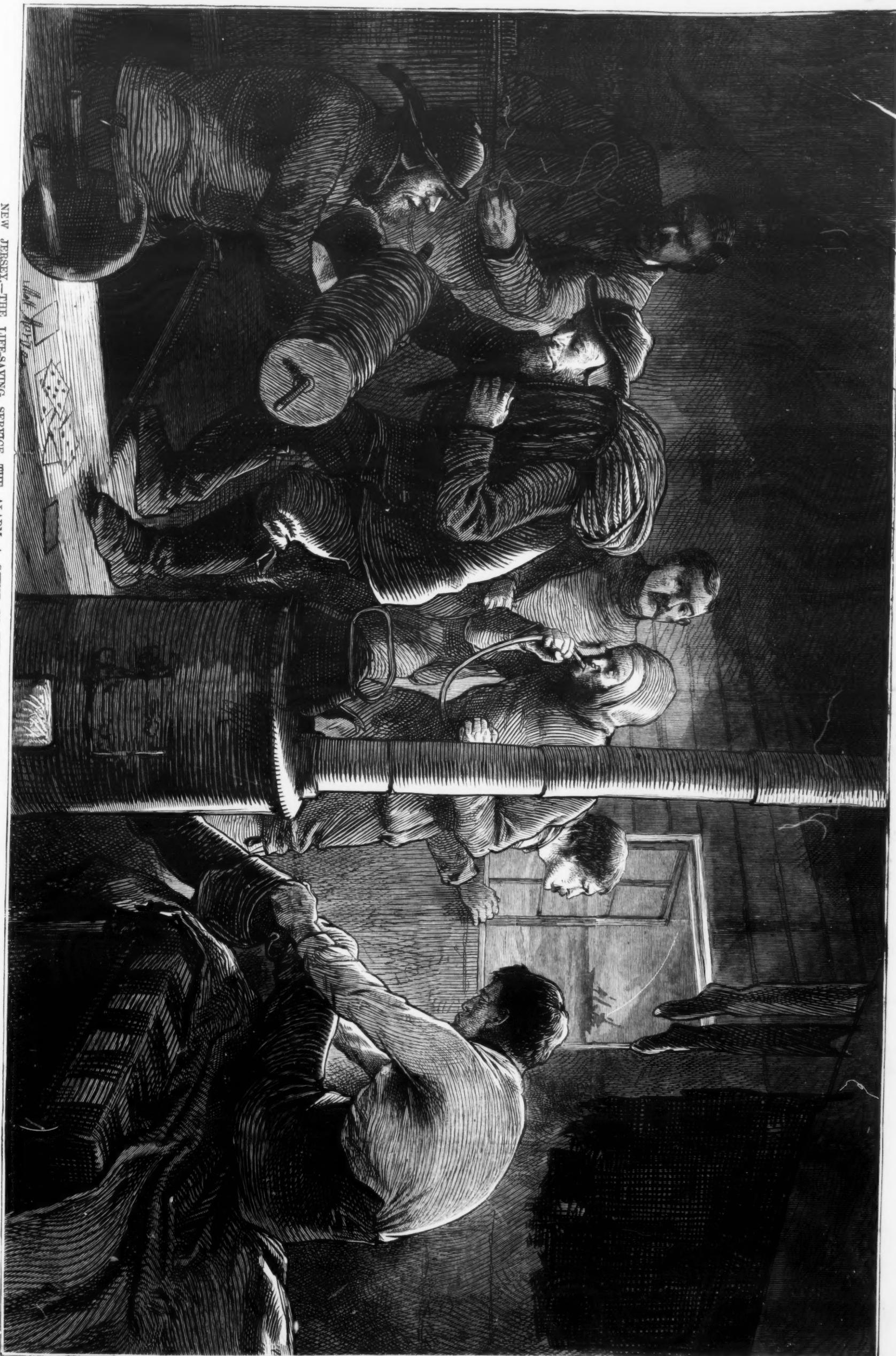


ELEVATED BRIDGE FOR FOOT PASSENGERS BETWEEN 52D AND 53D STREETS.



VIEW OF THE ELEVATED BRIDGE FOR CARRIAGES AND FOOT PASSENGERS ACROSS 45TH STREET, FROM MADISON TO LEXINGTON AVENUE, IN FRONT OF THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE IMPROVEMENTS ON FOURTH AVENUE AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETE.  
DRAWN BY ALBERT BERGHaus FROM ENGINEER'S CHARTS.—SEE PAGE 370.



NEW JERSEY.—THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE—THE ALARM—A SCENE IN THE LIFE-SAVING STATION AT SEABRIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 374.

## THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

## CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

ALTHOUGH, from its earliest inception, and for a considerable period, the Revenue Marine had been embarrassed through the abuses and imperfections that characterized it, yet, scattered thinly as it was along the entire length of our coast upon both sides of the continent, there were numerous instances in which it had signalized itself in the cause of humanity. It was not, however, until the promulgation of the revised regulations in August, 1871, that things were thoroughly systematized and got well in hand. The more important of the new features of these regulations may be briefly summed up as follows:

The original admission of officers to any but the lowest grades is prohibited.

All candidates designated are required to pass a satisfactory physical examination and a competitive professional one, and must have had a fixed number of years of practical service.

Promotions, in all cases, are made according to merit and professional qualification, without regard to seniority.

The use of personal or political influence by officers in procuring assignment to stations, or revocation or qualification of orders, is forbidden.

The term of continuous service of officers upon a station is fixed at two years, except when the exigencies of the service otherwise demand, or in case of sickness, where the nature of the disease absolutely requires a change of climate, in which case the officer is required to furnish the Department a certificate to that effect from a medical board of survey. The same is required to procure leave of absence on account of sickness.

Greater economy in the expenditure of fuel is provided for by regulating the rate of speed of steam-vessels in cruising, and requiring more use of sails on those provided with them.

No expenses are permitted without authority previously obtained from the Department.

Tables of allowances of all articles of stores and equipment are established.

Returns of provisions required and expended are to be made by each vessel quarterly.

An inventory of all property on board, with a statement of its condition, is required from each vessel annually, or whenever there is a change of commanders.

Accounts to be furnished regularly of all expenses and damages incurred in assisting any vessels in distress, the owners of which are to indemnify the Government in all proper cases.

Transcript of each vessel's log to be furnished the Department weekly.

The vessels forbidden to be used for any other than public purposes, unless with the sanction of the Department.

Vessels to be inspected from time to time, by some officer detailed by the Department, who is to report to the minutest particular connected with the same, "setting forth such pertinent facts as come within his knowledge."

There are other provisions, having reference to the prevention of accidents, details of discipline, and the proper care and keeping of the vessels; but enough has been just enumerated to show that the strictest accountability is enforced in every direction.

The officers and seamen of the Revenue Marine are entitled to be placed on the pension list only after having been wounded or disabled while co-operating with the Navy in time of war, and under the regulations and restrictions provided by law for the officers and seamen of the Navy in 1814. In November of each year, those Revenue Cutters which are best adapted to such service "are instructed to cruise for the relief of distressed vessels within the limits of their cruising-grounds, keeping as close to the land as is consistent with their safety, and not going into port oftener than they are compelled until the next April."

From all we have here stated, it will be perceived that, with the Revenue Marine in its present efficient condition at sea, and the existence of the numerous Life-saving Stations that now stud our coast, the loss of life from shipwreck must be greatly diminished on our seaboard, while a commensurate degree of security cannot but be felt by every craft of whatever nation that approaches or leaves our shores.

In our last three issues we laid before our readers several engravings illustrative of the operations of the Life-saving Service, and of the boats and apparatus used on our coast in connection with it. In addition, we endeavored to give some idea of its constitution and working, and to show that at no previous period had it been in a condition so efficient as it is at the present moment. So far as we are aware, nothing of vital interest connected with it has escaped our notice, and we are now enabled to state that the House Appropriation Committee has just decided to comply with the suggestions of the Secretary of the Treasury for the extension of this important service, and to make an additional appropriation of \$50,000 for that purpose. The seven stations on the coast of Maine, and one on Rye Beach, N. H., are to be provided for at once. The total appropriation for Life-saving Service has been raised consequently to \$170,000, the increase being effected by taking \$50,000 from the appropriation of the Revenue Cutter Service.

Coston's Telegraphic Night-signals, referred to in a previous article, having been adopted by the Government of the United States, are used in this service, as well as in that of the Revenue Marine and the Navy. Through their instrumental stations distant from each other can hold intercommunication at any hour of the night, and bring their united energies to bear upon any given point. The signals are of simple construction, being something like a Roman candle, which, when ignited, emits a brilliant colorless or green or red light. These lights, singly or combined, as the case may be, represent the figures from 1 to 10; and, being

placed at night on an elevated holder, are readily discernible at a great distance. This code of signals being understood by the service generally, the various combinations of the colors answering to the different numbers, form the key to certain words, and are understood at a glance, when once observed from any station.

We now close these brief articles on the Life-saving Service by a reference to our engraving on page 373, which illustrates the interior of a station at a juncture when its inmates have been suddenly summoned by a signal of distress from a vessel that may be seen on the reefs through the window of the building. Here we now perceive that all is in active and methodical motion. Each man is engaged in hasty preparation, anxious to go forth, and, at the risk of life and limb, succor the distressed ship, and bear from her quivering deck the frightened throng that possibly crowd it. Their progress to the beach, and the return of the lifeboat with its precious freight from the doomed vessel, have been already noted in our previous illustrations, so that we may be permitted to hope that we have now conveyed to our readers something like an adequate idea of the utility, constitution and working of this important and humane service on almost every part of our coast.

## HOLMES'S BURGLAR'S ALARM.

DURING the absence of the proprietor of this paper from the city last summer, his private residence was closed, as he depended confidently upon Holmes's Burglar's Alarm for the safety of his household goods.

It being considered unnecessary to attach this alarm to the base next door, which was protected by an outer iron one, it was fastened to an inner door leading from the basement to the first floor. The burglars came, and found no difficulty in unfastening the iron door, or in forcing the next wooden one with what is termed a "Jimmy." On attempting to open the door leading to the first landing, however, and just as they fancied their success all but complete, the alarm rang forth such a sudden and startling peal of unwelcome music, as to cause the scoundrels to decamp without having laid their hands upon a single article, and at the risk of being caught in the street, where the alarm was distinctly heard.

These few observations, which are better late than never, are made in justice to Mr. Holmes, to whose ingenuity the safety of the goods alluded to is mainly attributable.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An expensive wife makes a pensive husband.

TALK about the modern falling off of home affections! Our wives are becoming dearer every day.

CREAM may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

A LITTLE girl of eight or ten summers being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud with the juice squeezed out.

OUR schoolboy remarks that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what," he only finds out which is which.

BEFORE taking his seat on a corpse, the Louisville coroner first goes through the dead man's pockets for a chew of tobacco.

In England the friends of Tennyson and Joaquin Miller speak of them as the "Poet Laureate" and the "Poet Lariat," respectively.

A TENNESSEE hunter killed five wild turkeys at a single shot recently, and got away with them before the owner missed them from the roost.

"It is a very solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Betsey. "Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," replied Miss Bartlett, a spinster of 40.

THE marriage service, in the opinion of a western paper, should be changed to read, "Who dare take this woman?" and the groom shall answer, "I dare."

A CONVENTION of milkmen is to be held next month at Utica, N. Y., to see if some cheaper substance than chalk cannot be introduced as a milk colorer.

MR. FRANCIS, Minister to Greece, says that Byron's "Maid of Athens" was a myth. Of course everybody knew that, but will our lisping Minister tell us "Myth" Who?

SOUND.—Small boy (at play with pop-gun, to sensitive elderly gentleman)—"Does this noise annoy you, uncle?" Elderly gentleman—"No, my boy; it sounds like the pop of a cork."

AN Indiana Sunday-school man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday-school papers and books. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

A CHINAMAN who had become snowblind while working on the Central Pacific Railway, applied at a San Francisco police station on the 3d inst. for official permission to have himself shot.

BAL DES CUISINIERS.—The seventh annual ball of the "Société Culinaire Philanthropique de New York," recently held at Irving Hall, was a very splendid affair. As may be presumed, the viands were the most recherché; and that they were enjoyed by the numerous and brilliant company for whom they were prepared may be taken for granted also. In truth, no more successful or pleasant reunion has taken place here so far this season.

NOW IS THE TIME.—It is always the right time to do a good act, and every man with a family should regard himself short of his duty until his home is endowed with a Wilson Improved Underfeeder Sewing Machine. Let it be understood that this admirable machine captured the gold medal at the Northern Ohio Fair last Fall, and has everywhere demonstrated its superiority as a first-class family machine. Add to this the fact that it sells for \$15 less than any other really superior machine, and you have an array of advantages in its favor that must be irresistible. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., has two of the principal lines of street cars passing by its doors.

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THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

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4 Night Dresses.....	@ 2.25.....	9.00
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2 Day Dresses.....	@ 4.00.....	8.00
1 Robe.....	7.00.....	7.00
1 Basket, furnished.....	5.00.....	5.00
6 Pairs Socks.....	@ 0.62 1/2.....	3.75
2 Cambrie Skirts.....	@ 1.50.....	3.00
2 " " Tucked.....	@ 2.00.....	4.00
1 Eureka Diaper.....	1.00.....	1.00
Set Linen.....	2.00.....	2.00
1 Rubber Bib.....	0.50.....	0.50
2 Quilted ".....	@ 0.50.....	1.00
1 Lace Cap.....	3.50.....	3.50
		\$75.00

The whole or any single article of the above outfit may be had upon application, or will be sent C.O.D. by Express. Every article is made in the best manner and from the best materials. Infant's Trouseau "B" for \$100 and "C" for \$125.

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5. Frankfort-on-Main.
6. Bismarck's State, near Colorado City.
7. Landscape in India.
8. Valley of Isar.
9. Rainy Sunday.
10. View of Rio Janeiro.
11. Cedar Creek, Virginia.
12. Shakespeare's Statue in Central Park, N. Y.
13. Room in which Shakespeare was born.
14. Shakespeare Vase.
15. Delaware River—Sunset.
16. What Shall I Do?
17. Gilbert and Anne Blythe.
18. Scene in Savannah.
19. Girl in the Fields.
20. Lake of Cashmere.
21. Moonlight Boat.
22. Friend of the Flowers.
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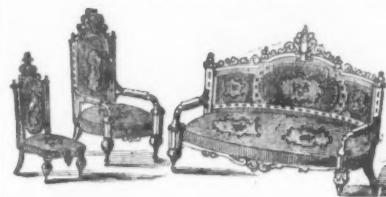
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